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Original Poetry.

THEY SAY THAT I AM GROWING OLD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

They say that I am growing old,
That dimmer grows mine eye,
That passion's lips are waxing cold,
And feeling's fountain dry;
That time amid my darkened locks,
Is twining wreaths of gray;
In sooth, that I am growing old,
Because I am less gay.
Well! let them taunt me if they will,
And mock me in their glee,
Perchance the eye is dim to them,
That seems not so to me;
I will not say the outward form
May not have less to win
Than erst it had—but sure am I,
I grow not old within.

They say that I am growing old,
That sadder grows my brow,
That time cuts furrows every year
With care's unceasing plough;
That mirth no more, mid every look
Peers out in ceaseless play;
In sooth that I am growing old,
Because I am less gay.
Well! let them taunt me if they will,
And mock me in their glee,
Perchance the brow is sad to them
That seems not so to me;
I will not say the outward form
May not have less to win
Than erst it had—but sure am I,
I grow not old within.

They say that I am growing old,
That feebler grows my frame,
That all the graces once I bore
I bear not now the same;
That all my features once so fair,
Look meagre, cold and thin;
It may be so—but sure am I,
There still is youth within.
So let them taunt me if they will,
I do not now deny
That Time has touched with fatal hand,
My frame, my brow, mine eye;
But one thing still I do possess,
To which he can impart
No touch to make it shine the less—
A young and happy heart.

Adams, Mass. IMOGENE.

Original Novelet.

EOLINE; OR, MAGNOLIA VALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, AUTHOR OF "LINDA," "RENA," ETC.

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CHAPTER IV.

Gradually the mild, Southern winter melted away into vernal softness and bloom. So gradually, that the morning twilight of Spring brightened into its risen day, before the eye was conscious of the transition from leafless boughs and a barren soil, to the wreathing foliage and the springing grass. In no place in the world is awakening nature hailed with such rapture, as in a female boarding school. In the occasional freedom of the open air, in the midst of sunlight and flowers, the young prisoners forget the bondage of in-door restraints, and indulge in the natural enjoyments of childhood and youth.

As the first of May approached, the pupils of Magnolia Vale Seminary pleaded eloquently for permission to select a Queen, whose coronation rites should be celebrated by the three immortal Graces,—Poetry, Music and Youth. There was the loveliest spot in the universe, not very far from the seminary, irrigated by a beautiful creek, where the regal Magnolia bloomed, itself a May-day Queen, wearing its pearly crown of glory, and the wild flowers revelled in wanton luxuriance. There they could erect a coronation bower, and usher in that joyous month which has long worn the blooming honors of the year.

But Miss Manly shook her head with a majestic negation. She could not listen to such a lawless proposition. It was a wretched waste of time, an innovation on her strict, established rules. It would be an unpardonable interruption to their studies, and retard their preparation for a public examination.

"Besides," she exclaimed, "my republican principles will not permit me to sanction these royal rites. I cannot allow the daughters of our free-born land to ape the manners and customs of the poor vassals of European tyranny. The Magnolia Vale Seminary is a democratic Institution, and the germs of monarchy shall never be nurtured in its bosom."

The Colonel spoke with patriotic energy, but the young democrats still sighed for their Queen. At length, moved by the united pleadings of Uncle Ben, Eoline and Miss More, she condescended to give them a holiday, with permission to pass it in the beautiful spot they had chosen for the coronation. The children were wild with delight at the prospect of a gala day, though disappointed in their original plan.

The morning dawned without a cloud, though the sun had set in darkness, and every one was sure it would rain, for it always *did* rain when any out-door enjoyment was anticipated. But the May sun shone bright and cheeringly on the ungrateful little creatures, and they were soon rifling the garden of its roses, and filling their baskets, to make garlands and bouquets in the woods. The baskets were not entirely filled with roses, for their dinners were in the bottom, but not a morsel of the food was visible through the flowery covering. A more ample provision still was deposited in a small hand-carriage, drawn by a negro girl, who delighted in being made a participator of the holiday sport. Uncle Ben was to take charge of the juvenile band. We verily believe he would have wept, had any thing occurred to detain him at home, he was such a pure lover of Nature and children. Eoline entered into the spirit of the day with all the sweet enthusiasm of youth, and even Louisa's pale face was lighted with the glow of anticipation.

The pupils assembled on the green in front of the academy, where Miss Manly arranged them in military file, and gave them a thousand instructions about marching, of preserving an erect carriage, and a lady-like deportment.

"Come with us, Miss Manly," cried the children, smiling to think how funny Miss Manly would look running about in the woods, and sitting under the Magnolia boughs. The idea seemed as preposterous as for Jupiter to lay aside his thunder-bolts and dance a polka with the Muses.

She waved her head with a superior smile, and giving the signal for their departure, they commenced their march with due dignity and deliberation, through the long, grand alley, and continued it down the road, that is, as long as they were within reach of the telescopic eye of Miss Manly; but the moment they turned into the greenwood path, the path through the tall, odorous pine trees, the little soldiers began to desert their ranks, and fly about, as wild as a flock of pigeons. It was a royal avenue through which they were winding, so cool, so breezy and shady, that they ran with their sun-bonnets swinging in their hands, under the tall, green umbrellas rustling over their heads. Uncle Ben frolicked and capered like a big boy just let loose from school, and the girls stole his hat and hid it in the little hand-wagon, making the negro girl show her white teeth all round her head.—Eoline, who felt the bounding pulses of eighteen in all her veins, would gladly have run on and shared in their frolics, but she would not leave her feebler companion, whose flagging steps showed the weariness her lips concealed.

"I cannot bear to have you fettered by me," said Louisa, gratefully, "you, who are so tireless and buoyant. It is as bad as chaining a bird to a snail."

"I shall have time enough to fly after we reach there," said Eoline, putting her arm round Louisa's slender waist. "I wish you were well and strong for your own sake, but I should not love you as well. The plant that we nurse is the plant that we love. But look, we are almost there. See that beautiful opening. And hark, the roar of the mill-dam mingles with the shouts of the children."

A few moments brought them to the vale from which the seminary derived its name—the Magnolia Vale—and a peculiar and intense odor proclaimed the presence of this magnificent tree of the South. With its long, deep green, lustrous leaves, and large, splendid white blossoms, white as marble, yet yielding and impressible as wax, it stood the representative of the floral beauty and grandeur of a Southern latitude. And on the margin of the water, wading in it up to their immense knees, the Tupeloes bowed their spreading branches and looked at each other in the clear, blue stream. This stream, which flowed just above over a rocky channel that partially impeded its current, here expanded into a kind of lake, vulgarly called a mill-pond, because the utilitarians had made the babbling waters work for their living, and erected a dam near the bed of rocks, and a mill on the opposite bank. The vale was carpeted with grass, and embroidered with wild-flowers, and under almost every tree there were low ottomans, made by Nature herself, and covered with green velvet, woven by the same great manufacturer.

Eoline led Louisa to one of these velvet ottomans, and reclined on the grass at her feet.—And now there were mysterious groups, with heads put close together in grave consultation, and then a dispersion and a gathering again. They made Eoline turn her back to a certain natural arbor, and promise not to look behind her till a given signal.

"Remember Lot's wife," said Fanny.

"And the fate of Orpheus," cried Selma.

"Or the wife of Bluebeard," exclaimed Annie; as they retreated, carrying off Uncle Ben captive. For nearly an hour, Eoline, obedient to her promise, sat at the feet of Louisa, with her arm upon her lap, and her affectionate, confiding eyes lifted to her face, listening to her gentle words, when sly footsteps stole behind, and a mischievous pair of hands bandaged her eyes.

"Come with us," cried half-a-dozen voices, "and when we seat you again we will restore you to sight."

Yielding with graceful willingness to her laughing guides, Eoline was led over the soft grass, to a slight elevation. She knew it was under a tree, for she could hear the branches rustling overhead.

"Now, bow your head, lady fair, just a little," cried her conductors, gently seating her, "and now," added they, slipping the bandage from her eyes, "hail to your flowery throne!"

Eoline found herself in an arbor, within an arbor, formed of freshly-gathered boughs, and festooned with garlands of wild flowers. A cluster of large magnolia blossoms was placed just over her head, and golden wreaths of yellow jessamine, fastened near that central crown, and extending to the edge of the lightly woven roof, formed the brilliant radii of the lattice-work. The young girls, who all wore simple, white dresses, the Sunday Summer uniform of the seminary, (as it was a holiday, they were permitted to wear it,) had garlands of flowers round their heads, arranged with a wild grace that was bewitching. Fanny, whose ringlets were playing holiday with the breeze, held in her hand a crown of white rose-buds, with which she encircled the brow of Eoline. Selma threw a garland of roses round her neck, and little Bessy Bell, kneeling at her feet, stuck flowers all round the binding of her shoes, while half-a-dozen little creatures pelted her with roses.

"We *will* have a Queen of May!" they cried. "You shall be our Queen! This is your throne, and we are your subjects, and Uncle Ben is, too. He helped us build our bower, and we promised him that our Queen should sing for him, as soon as she mounted her throne."

"*Shall* is a strange word to use to a Queen," said the laughing, blushing Eoline, almost crushed with her blooming honors, "but as you have given me no sceptre, I suppose I must not claim absolute command."

Away ran one of the girls, and catching with a jump a drooping bough, twisted round it the flowering jessamine, and presented it to her Floral Majesty. Eoline did, indeed, look like the royal bride of Spring, in her white raiment and regal blossoms, while sweeter and fairer than these regal blossoms were the roses of youth and health, made brighter by excitement, that bloomed upon her cheeks. She could not help feeling happy, thus loved and honored.—Existence itself was a joy on such a day as this. Had she been alone on that charming spot,—alone, with all that loveliness, she would have felt happy, and thanked her God for making her the denizen of so fair a world. But the beautiful, loving children and fair young girls that surrounded her, gave such life and enchantment to the scene, that her soul was ready to gush forth in the melody for which they were pleading. Just as she opened her lips, she cast her eyes towards the spot she had quitted blindfold, and there Louisa sat, her head leaning on her hand, forgotten in the bright and jubilant scene.

"Poor, dear Louisa!" exclaimed Eoline, "we have left her alone. How sorry I am we did not think of her sooner!"

Forsaking her vernal throne, she flew to her neglected friend, and insisted that she should share her honors. Louisa turned away her tearful eyes, but she did not resist the arm that encircled hers. She could not mar the happiness that beamed in the blue eyes of Eoline. She had felt, for a moment, the demon of Envy breathing its venom into her heart, but an invisible angel came and strengthened her, and she met with smiles the children who had unconsciously forsaken her. They loved her, but they did not associate her in thought with the flowers of Spring, as they did the bright and beautiful Eoline.

"Oh, that I were a boy!" cried Uncle Ben, who was sitting on the ground in the midst of the children. They had made a crown of magnolia leaves, and put it on his head, and pinned a tremendous bouquet in front of his vest. "Oh, that I were a little boy—a pretty little school-boy again—instead of being a musty old bachelor!"

"What's the reason you never married, Uncle Ben?" asked little Bessy, looking slyly in his face.

"What's the reason?" repeated he, smelling his huge bouquet. "Why, I loved every body so much, I could not make up my mind to love but one at a time: and then I thought I should keep young as long as I lived, and that there was no use in being in a hurry, when, one morning, would you believe it, pussies, I waked up and found myself an old man!"

"Oh, no, you are not an old man, Uncle Ben, you can run so fast and spring so light. You are the youngest of all of us."

"So I am!" exclaimed he, jumping up and crossing his feet twice in the air, "who says I am old? It's no such thing—I am nothing but a boy, after all!"

Eoline's warbling voice brought the boy back to his grassy seat. She felt inspired by the influences surrounding her, and never sung so wild, so sweet a strain. The very mill-dam seemed to hush its roaring, for no one heard it while she was singing. She was not afraid to give full scope to her voice, with such a sounding-board above her as that blue arch, and the notes went up, and still up, till the ear feared to follow them, lest the clear, crystal sounds should break and shiver like glass; then, gliding, floating lower and lower, with the softness of down, they died away among the flowers.

All at once, changing her key, she struck into a gay, flute-like warble, that set the children dancing round her, like magic. Fanny Darling had a long garland twined round a grape-vine, which she skipped as she danced, and a lovelier looking fairy never flitted over the green.

At this moment, a beautiful dog ran in their midst, and seizing one of the wicker baskets in his teeth, was about to carry off his prey, when a young man, who appeared to be his master, emerged from a cluster of trees, at a little distance, and approaching the bower, motioned the dog to return the stolen treasure. Eoline ceased her warbling, the dancers stood still, and Uncle Ben sprang from the ground, and removed from his head its Bacchus-like ornament.

"Do not let me disturb you," said the young man, lifting his hat from his head, with a low and graceful bow. "I trust you will pardon my intrusion. I would apologize for the rudeness of my dog, and for my own too," added he, looking towards Eoline, "in passing beneath those trees to listen to strains which left me no power to pass on. The temptation was too irresistible. Am I forgiven?" cried he, again looking at Eoline, who, conscious of the strange picturesqueness of her appearance, blushed amid her roses, while she involuntarily bowed her head before his appealing glance. Then turning to the children, with another, though less reverent bow, he smilingly repeated, "Am I forgiven?"

"Yes, sir," said Bessy Bell, who was nearest to him, and on whom his eye happened to rest, "yes, sir," making the prettiest little curtsy in the world. The girls laughed at her demure answer, and the stranger was thus put perfectly at ease. Indeed, he did not appear embarrassed from the first, but probably thought he had as much right to enjoy the beauties of nature as they had. He was singularly engaging in appearance. His dark hair flowed back with a graceful wave from his white forehead, and poetry and enthusiasm flashed from his large, dark, romantic-beaming eye.

Uncle Ben, who was the politest man in the universe, and who was charmed with the countenance of the young stranger, assured him that it was no intrusion at all, and that he was very happy to see him. He even offered him the ground to sit down upon, as courteously as if it were a chair. But there was something in the countenance of Eoline, the Fairy Queen of the scene, that forbade the young man to take advantage of Uncle Ben's cordiality. She knew too well Miss Manly's strict rules of propriety, to encourage even by a look, the continuance of a stranger's presence in the midst of her pupils. She regretted the syren notes which had lured him to their retreat, and looking gravely down, avoided meeting a second time the lustrous glance that had rested so admiringly upon her.

"Fido," said the young man, calling to his dog that was sticking its nose rather too familiarly into the dinner-basket—"let us go, before you destroy your master's reputation for honesty. We are indeed intruders in this charming group. Once more, I trust, my impassioned love of music will plead my apology."

Again the young man bowed with lowly grace, and smiling on little Bessie, who had so heartily promised him forgiveness, passed under the shadow of the magnolia trees into the path that led to the mill-dam.

This was an adventure, and it put a check for a time to their unrestrained merriment. They all felt curious to know who the young stranger was, and the children were loud in his praises. As Eoline would not sing any more, and they could not dance, they became suddenly conscious of being very hungry—and Netty, the black girl, who had never left her carriage for a moment, was called into immediate service. A nice table-cloth was spread upon the grass, and cakes and pies, cold ham and pickles, all garnished with flowers, soon covered its surface.

"We ought to have asked that young gentleman to dine with us," said little Bessie, "and his dog too. It seems to me, it was rude to let him go."

"So it does to me," cried Uncle Ben, slapping a pie, as it was the first thing he came in contact with—"little Bess is right—I did mean to ask him, but young Madam Queen looked so grave, I was afraid of offending her majesty."

"It would have displeased Miss Manly," said Eoline, regretting herself their apparent inhospitality.

"Oh, the Colonel—I had forgotten—" exclaimed Uncle Ben.

The company around the grassy board became very merry, and the tongues so silent at the long table of Magnolia Vale Seminary, revelled in freedom in Magnolia Vale. No matter what was said, a laugh was sure to break forth.

At length Darling Fanny, who had stolen Eoline's comb, and tucked up all her hair, excepting two long curls, which she left dangling at the sides, like Miss Manly, suddenly elevated her head, with a dignified motion, and exclaimed—

"Young ladies, Charlemagne."

The mimicry was perfect, and the effect electrical. Uncle Ben actually threw himself back and rolled on the grass—and even Louisa could not help laughing.

"Order!" exclaimed Fanny, with much gravity. "Miss Selma, what can you tell me of Charlemagne?"

"Charlemagne means great Charles," replied Selma.

"I don't like Charlemagne, because he made his daughters work so hard," said Annie. "If I were a princess, I would not spin or weave. Let us talk of William the Conqueror."

"I don't like William the Conqueror," said another, "because he kept a Doomsday Book, like Miss Manly's."

"And he made folks go to bed before they were sleepy, at the ringing of a bell, as we have to do," cried a young creature, always wakeful with mischief.

"I like Alfred the Great the best," said a fat, laughing girl, who dispatched the pies with wonderful celerity, "because he knew how to bake nice cakes."

"I like Uncle Ben the Great, the best," exclaimed little Bessy, who sat next to him, "because he *gives* me nice cakes."

This was received with acclamation. Uncle Ben of course was expected to contribute his mite to the reservoir of juvenile wit.

"Why am I like Priam of old?" said he. "Do you give it up? He was father to fifty sons, and I am uncle to fifty daughters!"

"Hush!" cried Eoline, laying her hand suddenly on his shoulder. A deep mellow voice came floating in music, across the mill-dam. Rising in rich, manly tones, it was borne over the water with the winding sweetness of the bugle. It was one of the airs Eoline had been singing, and she knew the singer must be the stranger who had just addressed them. A thrill of delight penetrated her spirit at the sound of those exquisite notes, that seemed so much like the echo of her own.

"Oh! how sweet," she exclaimed, when they melted into silence, after a low flute-like cadence, "how more than sweet!"

Louisa smiled and whispered to her,

"Do you feel the lightning's flash?"

"No," said Eoline, drawing a long inspiration, "but I feel the breath of Heaven on my soul."

There was silence for a few moments. That voice, like "the far-off, exquisite music of a dream," proceeding from an invisible minstrel, and thus having the charm of mystery added to its melody, created a feeling of sadness. It belonged less to earth than Heaven—and Heaven with all its glories is a subject of sadness to the young and glowing heart. It knows that the path to Heaven leads through the grave, and shrinks from the coldness and darkness and gloom of the passage. But there are shadows in life darker than death, deeper than the grave—and when they are folded round the spirit, it passes on untrembling, protected by the clouds that envelope it. This is a sad reflection—in the midst of all these flowers and vernal beauty. But it seemed that there *was* a shadow lingering, ready to roll down upon them.

A cloud, a very small cloud began to float near the horizon. First it was white as snow, and no larger than the wing of a bird, then its base became a faint slate-color, then it suddenly enlarged and darkened, and rose up like a tall castle, with giant pillars and leaning turrets. Then it expanded into the giant's causeway itself, and dark figures seemed hurrying near its base.

"It will rain," said Eoline, looking anxiously at the darkening horizon, "we must hasten our departure. Louisa must not get wet."

The children were sure it would not rain, it was nothing but a cloud such as they saw every evening; but even Uncle Ben, who was not remarkable for foresight, insisted upon their hastening homeward. As they had but few preparations to make, and Miss Manly was not there to put them into military array, they were soon on the wing, Netty following them with the fragments of the feast, and a castaway garland on her woolly head. The prospect of being caught in the rain was perfectly delightful to the children, and Eoline cared not for herself. It was for the frail and delicate Louisa she trembled—who hurried on as much as her strength would allow, though her flushed cheek and panting breath showed it was nearly exhausted.

They had hardly reached the beautiful pillared aisles of the pine wood, before big drops came splashing down faster and faster, till they suddenly fell in sheeted rain. There was no shelter near but the pine trees, whose lofty plumes were a far better protection from the sun than the shower. The children shouted and ran, and bared their flower-bound ringlets, and tossed out their arms as if to embrace the rain, which wrapped them as if with a mantle. Their white dresses were drenched and soiled—their flowers crushed and torn—their hair dripping and straight. A few who had green parasols, as useless as a magnolia leaf would have been, were discolored with green stains that not only mottled their white frocks but rosy cheeks. Netty toiled on after them, manfully pulling the little carriage, though the remnant pies and cakes were reduced to a mass of jelly by the deluge.

"Oh, if that carriage was only big enough to put you in, dear Louisa!" cried Eoline, as Louisa sunk down upon a bank, by the wayside, declaring that she could go no farther.

"I will carry you in my arms," said Uncle Ben, "I am strong enough to carry you all."

"No, no, leave me here, I ought not to have come—to be such an incumbrance. When the rain is over I can follow."

"Here is an umbrella, if it will be of any service," cried a mellow voice near them.

And turning round, they beheld the young stranger, with his silky-haired dog. As the rain was pursuing them they had not looked behind, and were not aware of his approach. He was panting from haste, and his face glowing with exercise and excitement.

"Thank you," said Eoline, to whom the stranger evidently addressed himself. "If you will shelter my friend, I shall indeed be grateful. As to the rest of us, it is nothing but pastime."

Eoline looked at this moment as if she were born to make pastime with the most warring elements of nature. One of the girls, as we said before, had stolen her comb, while they were at their rural dinner, and her hair, wet and darkened with the rain, floated wildly over her shoulders. The floral diadem still encircled her brow, and partially confined her wandering locks; as it was formed of evergreen, and half-unfolded buds, it was not rent and defaced by the shower, as the more carelessly arranged chaplets of the children were. Eoline was fair and beautiful in repose, but in moments of excitement she was splendidly so. She was kneeling on one knee, her arm supporting her half-fainting friend, and her eyes were raised eagerly to the stranger's face. She looked, through the falling rain, like a flower enshrined in crystal.

"It will cover you both," said the young man, going behind them, and kneeling so as to bring the umbrella nearer to them, as a shelter. As he thus held it over their heads, exposing his own to the elements, they formed a romantic looking group.

"I cannot suffer this," said Louisa, raising her head from Eoline's shoulder. "I feel better, stronger. I can walk on alone, now."

"If you *can* walk," said the young man, assisting her at the same time to rise, "you will be in far less danger, than on the wet ground. There is no house nearer than the mill, which you have left behind."

The violence of the shower had subsided, so that Louisa found less difficulty in forcing a path through it. The young man walked by their side, holding the umbrella, and he even took off his hat, and held it before Eoline's face, in spite of her laughing remonstrances. Though poor Louisa was the chief sufferer, he seemed far more anxious to shield Eoline from the inclemencies of the atmosphere.

"Never mind me," she would say—"I am a child of the elements. My name is Eoline, and when the winds play around me, I feel, indeed, like an eolian lyre."

"Eoline—Eoline," repeated the young man, "what a charming name. How appropriate, how peculiar."

"I was named after the eolian harp," she said, forgetting for the moment, that she was addressing a stranger. "It was my mother's passion—and well do I remember hearing one playing in her window the night of her death. So mournfully, wildly and sweet—I never, never shall forget it."

"You inherit, then, your love of music," cried the young man, with animation. "In that respect we are congenial, for I have breathed an atmosphere of harmony from my infancy. My parents are both musicians, and I was taught to play upon the organ before I could reach an octave."

"She is our music teacher," said Bessie Bell, who, running back for her bonnet, that she had dropped far behind, overheard the remark, and was proud to proclaim the relative position of Eoline towards herself.

Eoline colored high. To be introduced to this very aristocratic looking young man as a music teacher—she, the daughter of Mr. Glenmore, of Glenmore Place—struck her painfully. She tried to repress her swelling pride, but it would rise, and gave to her countenance an air of haughtiness and reserve.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the young man, as Bessie was bounding along. "I thought her one of your school companions, whom you had been crowning Queen of May."

"We made her Queen, because she is so pretty, and because we love her so much," said the child.

The young man looked as if he sympathized in their opinion, though he said nothing.

Eoline, whose thoughts were carried back to her deserted home, her banishing father, and Horace Cleveland, walked on in silence, with a cloud resting on her sunny face. She felt uneasy in the prospect of Miss Manly's displeasure, in bringing a stranger to the gates of the seminary; or rather, of its manifestation in such a manner as to make her ashamed of the relation she bore to the institution. She was grateful to his politeness—it was more than politeness—it was kindness, for he had offered his arm to the drooping Louisa, the latter part of the way, and sustained her weary footsteps.

Uncle Ben trudged on before with the children, his red silk handkerchief tied over the top of his hat, and his coat collar turned up above his ears. The young romps were completely jaded and sobered when they arrived at the seminary. The rain had ceased, but it only made their muddy and forlorn appearance more conspicuous. Their shoes were filled with sand, for they had rushed along without choosing a path, and their dresses heavy and saturated with the rain.

Miss Manly stood in the folding doors, with uplifted hands.

"Take off your shoes," she cried, not *loud*, but *deep*, "leave them in the portico. Don't bring all this mud into the house. What a spectacle! Never ask for another holiday. It is always the end of such follies. Wring the water out of the bottom of your dresses before you enter. Hang your wet bonnets on the railing."

She really seemed half-distracted at the thought of the mud and confusion around her, for her love of neatness was second only to her love of authority. But the rueful countenances of the children, which began to have a blue tinge the moment they ceased to exercise, the shivers which ran through their drenched frames, excited her compassion.

"Run," she cried, "yes, you *may* run up stairs, this time, and change your wet clothes, directly. I will have some warm drink prepared. Never mind the tracks."

Never before had they rushed by Miss Manly in such a style. They scampered up stairs in their wet stockings, like a covey of partridges, leaving Miss Manly gazing on the advancing figure of the stranger, who was conducting the two young ladies up the gravel walk. Louisa could scarcely drag one weary foot after the other, and her face was hueless as marble. Eoline turned towards the young man, when, after having ascended the steps, they stood in front of Miss Manly, and said—

"This gentleman has been kind enough to shelter us with his umbrella, and assist Miss More, who, even with his aid, has been scarcely able to reach home."

The young stranger made so handsome and reverential a bow to the tall and stately lady, that she extended her hand graciously to receive the card he placed in it.

"Walk in, Mr. St. Leon," said she, glancing at the card, and repeating the name, as if it had an aristocratic sound to her ears—"though according to the rules of my institution, strangers are excluded from its portals, who do not bring letters of introduction, the services you have rendered these young ladies, who are under my especial guardianship, entitle you to my gratitude and consideration."

"Thank you, madam," said St. Leon, (we are glad we have discovered his name, as it is very awkward to speak of him as the young man, and the stranger,) "I am in no condition to sit down in a lady's parlor. I will take the liberty of calling to-morrow, and inquiring after the health of these young ladies, who, I fear, will suffer from their long exposure."

Bowing again, while Miss Manly emulated his politeness by bending over him, he departed, though not without a farewell glance at Eoline.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Picture Gallery.

INTERIOR OF A CHINESE TEMPLE.

On the left, is the priest, with a pot of burning incense in one hand, and a rosary in the other. The man with his right hand elevated, contemplates engaging in important business, and, wishing to know whether he shall succeed, has come to consult the idol. He has prepared two pieces of wood, which he has just thrown upward, and is anxiously looking at them, for the manner in which they fall is to decide whether he is to be successful in the enterprise he contemplates. If he is *not* successful, we suppose the fault will be in the *sticks*.

Original Novelet.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER; OR, THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "SHANNONDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XXX.

THE COQUETTE.

Zephyrs her ringlets blow;
Sporting about her neck their gold they twine;
Kiss the soft violet of her temples warm,
And eyebrow, just so dark it may define
Its flexile arch—throne of expression's charm.
Mrs. Brooks

She is the cause of *six* matches being broken off,
And *three* sons disinherited! *Sheridan.*

"High! what he come ebelastin' ridin' down road dis here way for, Scissors?" inquired Comfort of Narcissus, as they both stood idling about the front lawn gate of Point Pleasant, and watching with jealous eyes the approach of General Garnet, who, *point device*, in dress and accoutrements, and mounted on a splendid horse, came cantering down the road. "What de debil he come eberlastin' a ridin' down this here way for?"

"Mrs. Comfort, 'cuse me for 'minding you, as you shouldn't be takin' ob de debil's name in vain. 'Tain't nyther 'ligious nor genteel! *nor* political, caze dey *do* say, speak ob de debil and his imps appear! H-o-o-o-h! you don't know how nigh dat dere high funcenary may be! 'Sides which, what's de use o' you goin' tendin' de detracted meetings, an' settin on de axle bench, 'long o' de 'victed sinners, 'less your gwine to lib up to it!"

"Oh, you teach your gra'ma her catechism! I wants know what Gen'l I'on keep on comin' here arter?"

"Got business 'long o' Marse Jacky, I 'spects."

"Um-m-m-me! business 'long o' Marse Jacky! Yes! business 'long o' Marse Jacky! I knows all 'bout *that!* Gen'l I'on's wife die—um-m-m-me! Gen'l I'on bery much down in de mouf! 'Tend to take on arter her bery bad, indeed! Wear crape woun' roun' hat, look 'stress' an' pitiful! Such a 'reavement! Such a blessed 'oman! poor, dear, 'parted angel—he neber see her like agin! Um-m-m-me! Ah-h-h-h! Bery well, den! Wait a bit! then see! By-an'-bye stiff shirt collar! plected buzzum! raffles! glossy hat! spic span new gloves! 'fumed ile on his hair! fine horse! fine saddle an' bridal! an' ridin' down here in magnifiorious style—on 'specious bus'ness 'long o' Marse Jacky! Um-m-m-me! Ah-h-h-h! Oh-h-h-h! Ain't forgot her!—oh, Lord, no! But grief's grief, an' bus'ness is bus'ness! an' so bus'ness mus' in course be 'tended to! an' den der's *so much* bus'ness 'long o' Marse Jacky, an' *so much* 'tention to bus'ness! 'Deed it's a sample to all 'glectful people! *So much* bus'ness 'long o' Marse Jacky, an' *so much* 'tention to bus'ness! An' it's ride down Sunday, an' it's ride down Wen'sday, firs' week! Den it's ride down Sunday, an' it's ride down Tuesday, an' it's ride down Thursday, an' it's ride down Saturday, secon' week! Den, las' of all, it's ride down *ebery* day, third week! So—much—bus'ness 'long o' Marse Jacky!—an' so—much—'tention to bus'ness! 'Til, by-an'-bye, bless my Hebenly 'Deemer, of Gen'l I'on an' Miss Ambush ain't gone an' got 'gaged, 'fore you can think Jack Robinson! Den—*oh, Lor'!*—who'd o' thought it!—ole debil!—come here wid his mouf like a pair o' blackin' brushes, 'larverin'* roun' our Miss Ambush! No, Lor' knows shan't he do it! I gwine put Miss Ambush up to some o' his meally-mouf, 'larverin' ways! I gwine put Marse Useless on to de track, too! *He* think Gen'l I'on ain't thinkin' nothin' 'tall 'bout her!—an' ain't got no chance, of he is!—'cause, Miss Ambush, she lets on like she hates him like p'ison—pshaw! No, Lor' knows shan't he 'ceive Useless, an' 'larver his nonsense roun' Ambush's ears! No, Lor' knows shan't he! You stan' here an' take his horse, Scissors, whell I go see Miss Ambush! *No!* yonder Marse Useless, I gwine speak to him firs'."

Ulysses was coming across the adjoining stubble-field, returning from his field sports, in full sportsman trim, with game-bag laden with partridges, powder-flask and shot-horn hung over his chest by a leather strap, and resting upon his side, and fowling-piece slung across his shoulder. Ulysses was walking rapidly, for he had descried the visitor.

"I wants a word 'long o' you, afore you go into de house, of you please, Marse Useless," said Comfort, very gravely, as she met him.

"Well, what is it? Talk fast! for, don't you see there's General Garnet, just come to the house, and Uncle Jacky not there to see him?"

"Yes! an' it's jes 'bout *him* I want talk! I say, you mighty civil to Gen'l I'on. May-be you gim him your sweetheart out o' civility?"

"Why, what the devil are you talking about! What do you mean?"

"I axes you of you gwine 'low sneeder gemmen carry off your sweetheart from right un'neaf your own eyes?—dat's what I mean!"

"FIRE AND FLAMES! *What* sweetheart?" exploded Ulysses.

"*Oh! Um! Yes!* You've got a *sarvement* on 'em, have you? Well, den, may-be you can 'ford to spare one! Well, der's nothing like havin' of a number o' strings to your bow—case of two or three of 'em happen to snap, one won't break! It's likely you can spare Miss Ambush out o' 'siderations o' friendship!"

"THUNDER! BLAZES! All the demons! Sp-sp-speak plain, you old incendiary!" fired and spluttered Ulysses, transfixed with surprise and choked with rage. "Speak plain, set fire to you, or I'll—"

"No you needn't! I'll speak *bery* plain! I say—didn't you know whot Gen'l I'on was comin' here for?"

"Tchut! is that all? Why to see me and Uncle Jacky, to be sure!"

"To see you an' Uncle Jacky? He! he! he! kik! kik! kik! to see you an' Uncle Jacky! Oh! kik! kik! kik! kik! Purty picters you an' Uncle Jacky for any body to come and see!—and you? Which of you is he *courtin' of?* Tell me that! Gen'l I'on ridin' down here ebery day in de week in his Sundy clothes to see you an' Uncle Jacky! Oh! kik! kik! kik! kik!—*kee-e-e!*" and Comfort laid herself against the tree, and wriggled and rolled with laughter. Ulysses flew into a rage!

"Look here, you old wretch! if you don't stop that, I'll—"

"No you mustn't, indeed, Marse Useless! Please my 'Vine Marster, mustn't you! Case I ain't a gwine take a lick *from* you! Ain't you 'shame' yourself? double your fis' g'in your ole aunty as washed and dressed you when you was a baby, and buttoned up your little breeches for you when you was a little boy?"

"Oh, the deuce and all, aunty! you know I didn't mean anything, but what does make you provoke and aggravate a fellow's temper so?"

"Oh! I don't want to aggravoke you! No, not at all, so I holds my tongue!"

"Come, come, aunty! Don't take a fellow up so! Say what you were going to say, only don't laugh! Be serious!"

"'Deed, Lor' knows I'm sarus enough! An' now I tells you *good*—tain't *you*, nor tain't ole marse as Gen'l I'on is comin' here to see, it's Miss *Ambush!* You hears me *good*, now don't you?"

"What?"

"He's courtin' of her! Truf I'm tellin' of you! For my blessed hebenly Marster is it!"

"*Who* is courting *who?* What the fiend are you talking about? What are you driving at? What do you *mean* for the hundredth time?"

"Gen'l—I'on—Garnet—is a courtin' of—Miss Ambush Wylie!"

"Pish! Tush! Pshaw!"

"True as printin'!"

"Pooh! Nonsense! Fiddlestick!"

"I wish I was a' sure of goin' to Hebben!"

"Absurd! Ridiculous! Preposterous!"

"Bery well den!"

"Don't make a fool of yourself, aunty!"

"Don't make a fool o' *yourself!*"

"His wife has not been dead a year yet!"

"Dat makes no deffunce!"

"He's old enough to be her father."

"Dat makes no deffunce nudder!"

"He'd never think of such a young girl as Amber, a playmate of his daughter!"

"He wouldn't, wouldn't he?"

"Besides, Amber dislikes him! I may even say *hates* him!"

"She do, do she?"

"Yes, she *does!*"

"Oh!"

"'Oh!' now what do you mean by that? Don't put me in a passion, aunty."

"Nuffin'! O'ny I didn't know she *hated* him!"

"Make me curse and swear!—do! Why can't you tell me all that is on your heart at once? What makes you think that Amber *doesn't* hate General Garnet?"

"I didn't *say* she didn't hate him!"

"But you *think* so!"

"Well! ain't no law to make one tell one's *thoughts* nowhere!"

"Pshaw!", exclaimed Ulysses, stalking off. Comfort *looked* after him a moment and then *trotted* after him.

"Come, Marse Useless! Don't you be a flyin' off in dat dere rashy, dashy way! Turn roun' here an' listen to reason!"

"So I will if you'll *talk* reason. And now tell me why you think Amber doesn't hate General Garnet?"

"*Dis* de reason, honey! I'm ole 'oman! An' I'm seen a good many things in my time! An' I'm seen—*many a time seen*—a young gall 'tend to *hate* an' *'spise* a man on de face o' de yeth! like *mad dog!* like *rattle snake!* like *rank p'ison!* An' den—turn right roun' an' marry him! Dere! Who'd o' thought it? 'Deed, Lor' knows of I ain't seen dat so many times till tain't no use talking!"

"But he is so old!"

"No he ain't, honey, old for a man! mony's handsomest at dat age, an' artful as do debbil! *He* is!"

"Well, anyhow, *I* am twenty years—"

"Twenty years younger! He! he! he! he! Oh! kik! kik! kik!"

"What are you laughing at now, you old hyena you?"

"Nuffin, honey! nuffin, chile! nuffin, on'y I was jes 'parin' you two togeder! you an' Gen'l I'on long side o' each oder! See, chile! Now you jes look at yourself an' Gen'l togeder, side by side a minut, and 'pare yourself long o' him! Der's Gen'l Garn't—berry handsome man 'deed! ebery body 'low dat!—eben his inimies!—glossy, black, curly hair! sof', black, coaxin' eyes! be-eautiful smile! high nose, and grand sort o' look! Den he's *Gen'l*, chile, he's *Gen'l*, which makes another deffunce in his favor!—Den he's marster o' great lan' and niggers, an' fine house, an' carriage and hosses, which makes more deffunce on his side! Den lastest of all, he's so debbilish 'ticing in his manners! So darned, eternal 'ceitful! such a cussed, infunnelly smoove tongue, which makes all de deffunce in de worl'. Dere! Dat's *him!* Now jes look at yourself! Now, Marse Useless, 'tween me an' you, confidential, case I wouldn't want it to go no furder, to do you an injure!—you know you ain't so *berry* good lookin'!—You're kinder long-backed an' high-shouldered, an' sorter freckly-faced, an' kinder country-fied all over, in gen'l, an' sorter not good-lookin' any where, in 'ticlar. Don't flush up an' look mad! it's de Lord's hones' truff I'm tellin' of you, 'deed, please my blessed, hebbenly 'Deemer, is it, chile! You're *good*, but you're not good-*looking*—I mean of you're not good-lookin', your *good*—an' 'handsome is as handsome does,' on'y young galls ain't apt to take a 'sideration on to dat! day's too ap' to be 'ceived, and took in by out-side show! So I jes tells you for your own good, you better not 'spise Gen'l I'on and his chances, but watch arter him, and gim him *no* chance! 'Deed, 'fore my 'Vine Marster, had you! But, Lor', honey, you got such awk'ard ways! An' den you ain't up to age-able gemman's courtin'.—An' den you ain't up to young galls, nuther! Lor', chile! while you a standin' off and gettin' red in de face as a biled crab, wid bare thinkin' how you'd like to court if you dared, *he's a doin' of it!* He's a sittin' by her side an' got his arm roun' her wais', *an' not a bit afeard, nuther!* an' got her han' in his, a-squeezin' of it, an' a-kissin' of it, an' a-pettin' of her up! an' a-honeyin' of her up! wid his smoove, 'larverin', 'ceivin' tongue! 'till by-an'-bye, he'll get his sef', coaxin' eyes, an' mussly, black chin close up to hers, an'—"

"THE THOUSAND FIENDS!" thundered Ulysses, bounding from his stupor of amazement as if suddenly shot through the heart. "*Did—did* you see that?"

"For merc'ful hebben's sake, Marse Useless! don't go off so! You're 'nough to scare any-body to deaf! *No!* I nebber *see* dat! High! 'specs dey gwine let me see dem? Pshaw! Maybe you think I eaves-drops? I scorn it! *No!* I ain't *seen* dat! but I specs I knows how age-able gemmen courts! Specs I do! I was courted by an age-able ole gemman wunst, myself; but Lor! I sez, 'Go away from here, nigger! I don't want your ole stringy arms tanglin' roun' my neck!' 'Deed, I sent him away *good* wid a flea in his ear! *No!* I ain't seen *dat* I been tellin' of you, but I know what I *has* seen!"

"WHAT? WHAT?"

"Don't blow so, Marse Useless! 'Deed, you 'fuse my mine! Well, *dis* is what I *has* seen! When I go in big room to call 'em hoof out to supper—de instant minit I open de door widout knockin', I cotch my eye on em sittin' close togeder on de middle ob de sofa! Den de instant minit dey cotch der eyes on me, dey sprung apart, one to one ind o' de sofa, and tother to tother end, same as if a bombshell had blowed up atween em! *Dere! dats* what I *has* seen!"

"*How many times?*" asked Ulysses, in a deep, hollow mono-tone, that might have "made his fortune on the stage."

"Lor', Marse Useless, for Gor A'mighty's sake!" exclaimed Comfort, in alarm.

"*How—many—times?*"

"'How—how many'—oh! Marse Useless, for Hebben's sweet massy sake, don't—don't make sich horrible mouves!"

"*How—many—*TIMES?!" roared Ulysses, seizing the old woman by the shoulder.

"Hebbenly Marster!" ejaculated Comfort, trembling, and stammering, with increasing terror, "only *wunst*—only *wunst* dat ebber was!—An'—an'—an'—an'—an'—den, to tell de hones' truf—Miss Ambush—she look berry mad at Gen'l I'on! 'Deed—'deed—'deed—'deed—deed she did! An' riz right up, an' step 'cross de floor *proud*, like she gwine spurn de house a-hind her!—forehead flush up! lip curl! head up in de air! Uh-oh! lookin' handsome an' angry as an ill-natured poll-parrot!"

"*That* was only because she was detected! Oh, I know her! Never mind! I'll—I'll twist that old villain's neck for him! I'll—I'll—I'll double him up and pitch him heels over head out of the window! I'll—I'll—I'll—I'll pitch at him and throw him down and trample him down, and pulverize him, till his very remains shall be obliterated! I'll—I'll—I'll—I'll—I'll—" exclaimed Ulysses, forgetful of Comfort, and everything else but his wrongs and his anger, gesticulating wildly, and finally running towards the house distractedly.

Comfort stood spell-bound with fear for an instant, and then set off in a run towards Narcissus, who, having stabled General Garnet's horse, was now returning. Comfort ran and caught hold of both his hands, exclaiming,

"Oh, Scissors! for goodness, gracious sake! run, run, run to de house, and 'vent mischie bein' done! Run and hang on to Marse Useless's coat tails, and 'vent his fallin' aboard o' Gen'l I'on! Run, Scissors, run!"

"Ah, ha! dat's *jes'* like a 'ooman!" said Narcissus, very composedly; "set house afire, and den cry out for somebody else run an' get a bucket o' water to put it out! Oh, yes!"

"Oh, run, run, run, Scissors!"

"Oh, yes! Run, run, run, Scissors! What 'spec' I can do? Get my head knock off?"

"Oh, Scissors!—*please*, Scissors!"

"Don't be fool! Don't yer see dere's Ole Marse jes' rid up and jump off his horse, an' got Marse Useless by de arm talkin' to him?—Where your eyes at?"

"Oh, I didn't see! Oh, thank goodness!" exclaimed Comfort, as she saw Judge Jacky's good-humored but positive manner in *stroking down*, as it were, Ulysses's excitement and anger.

Narcissus went to take his master's horse, and Comfort waddled off to the house, to put in execution her threat of having "a downright sarus talk 'long o' Miss Ambush."

Comfort found Ambrosia Wylie in her chamber, standing before her toilet-glass, looking rather flushed and excited, and hastily and nervously brushing her beautiful hair, and twining it into long ringlets over her fingers. She did not notice the old woman's entrance, and Comfort gave a short, knowing, upward jerk of her chin, as she went up to her side and inquired,

"Look here, Miss Ambush, honey, what you so busy fixin' and curlin' your hair *for?*"

The coquette gave a sort of guilty start, and replied, falteringly,

"Hem-m-m!—father's got company."

"Who's he got, honey?" next inquired Comfort, in an humble tone, for she did not wish to give offence and get herself sent prematurely away. "Who's he got, honey?"

"General Garnet," replied Ambrosia, blushing deeply.

"WHAT!—*dat* ugly ole fellow?" exclaimed Comfort, in a tone of affected surprise and indignation.

"He is *not* old, and most certainly not ugly!" said Ambrosia, coldly.

"Ole! not ole! I don't know what you calls ole, den! He's ole 'nough to have a married darter, an' in de natural course o' natur to be a gran'father, too!"

"Oh, *do* hush! You make me right down faint with all this talk! Besides, what is it to me, or you either, whether he is old or young?"

"*Dat* 'ponds upon what he's comin' here arter!"

"Come!—he comes to see pa!"

"Berry well, den, what call you got to take your hair out o' curl?"

"He asked for me."

"Ax for you! What business he got axin' for you? Ole villyan! I reckon how he's comin' here sneakin' arter a young wife."

"Oh, for shame, Aunt Comfort!—and his first wife not been dead a year yet!"

"His *first* wife! Hem! is der like to be a first and *second* as *you* knows of, Miss Ambrosa, honey?"

"Oh, for mercy's sake, hush! Indeed, you make me really quite sick with such talk!"

"Do I? 'Deed, 'fore my Hebbenly 'Deemer, I'se glad of it! An' now, Miss Ambush, honey, I gwine to talk to you right down sarus for your own good! Look yer, Miss Ambush! You berry pretty, berry sweet, berry 'ticing yourself! 'Deed you is, honey! Now, you ain't goin' to go an' heave yourself away on an ole white man ole 'nough to be your daddy, is you, chile?"

"*What!*" exclaimed Ambrosia, holding up her mass of auburn hair, while she looked around.

"You ain't agoin' to marry Gen'l I'on, are you, honey?"

"Me!—*me* marry General Garnet! Oh!" screamed Ambrosia, really turning pale, "you frighten me to death at the very name of the thing!"

"Don't have him, honey! Don't make a cussed infunnelly fool o' yourself! Don't!—Don't! Don't! Don't! *Ef* you do, you'll 'pent of it de longest day you have to live!—'Deed you will, honey! I knows it, 'cause I'se gone through with it! I'se seen what poor, dear Miss Alice went through 'long o' him!—'Deed, 'fore my 'Vine Marster, I has, honey!—Nebber min' his riches! Riches ain't nothin', honey, 'parison to peace an' quiet! 'Deed, 'fore my Blessed Marster, ain't dey, chile, try dem when you will!"

Ambrosia remained gazing at the time-and-age-privileged old servant for a space, and then she spoke, earnestly,

"Look here, Comfort! I can *trust* you—you're *honest*."

"'Deed is I, honey! I never tuck de vallyation o' a brass cent from any body, long as I live! 'Deed hasn't I, honey! I'd see dem at do debbil 'fore I'd 'mean myself to take anythin' from dem!"

"Oh! I don't mean that! I mean you're honest every way, in word and deed!"

"'Deed is I, honey! I don't 'count of a rogu'ing fam'ly, no how!"

"And besides, you love me!"

"'Deed does I, child! 'Fore my 'Vine Marster, does I!"

"And I can *trust* you—and now listen, Comfort. About General Garnet's coming here—"

Ambrosia suddenly dropped all the mass of auburn hair from her hands, letting it fall like a veil down her shoulders, and gave way to an immoderate fit of laughter. Then recovering herself, she said, seriously,

"Listen! 'Riches!' *his* riches! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Comfort! I'm ambitious! I confess it! I love rank, wealth, splendor, luxury, ease—and General Garnet can offer me all these! *but*, if a plantation hung upon every hair of his head—"

"What a drag it would be—ay-y-y L-l-o-r!"

"Hush! Well, if for every lurid hair of his head he possessed a diamond equal in value to the whole of his present estate—and if before marriage he would agree to settle the whole of his vast property on *me*—and if he would further agree to insure his life in every insurance office in the country, and settle the insurance upon *me*—and then afterwards promise, that if I did not like him he would cut his own throat at the close of the honeymoon—if he would promise and bind himself to the fulfillment of all these terrible conditions—*I would not have him!*"

"Bress de Lor! But, honey, wouldn't you, sure 'nough?"

"What! with the memory of his wife's broken heart!—of his daughter's ruined fortunes—both the work of *his* hands! Oh, Comfort, what do you take your nursling to be?"

"Bress de Lor! I say again! But, oh, honey! what makes you let him talk and 'larver for?"

"Oh, I only want to have some fun out of the fool!"

"He ain't no fool, honey—he ain't! Don't try to make fun out o' him, honey! Young galls flirtin' 'long o' artful bad man, an' thinkin' she won't get hurt, is worse an' a baby playin' 'long o' fire an' thinkin' it won't get burnt! Men's artful creeturs, chile! Dey honeys roun' you, an' honeys roun' you, 'till, bless my Hebbenly 'Deemer, of you don't get in sich a 'wilderment you don't know your right han' from your lef'! Don't have nuffin' 'tall to say to him, honey! don't!"

"You needn't be afraid for me, aunty! *I* know him! And I am going to amuse myself making sport of him, and tormenting Ulysses! I don't care! I don't care if he *does* fall in love with me! *ever so deep!* He won't be the first by a score! What are men made for but to fall in love, and to be tormented? It don't hurt them a bit! It only keeps them in practice! 'Trifling with their *affections*' indeed!' ha, ha, ha! they have no affections to be trifled with! And as for this General Garnet! General Iron, as the negroes very properly call him, I wish he *had* a heart to be broken! *I'd* break it for him! with more pleasure than I ever broke a heart before! *Oh! wouldn't I!* Yes, I'd break his heart for him in remembrance of Mrs. Garnet and Elsie. Oh! how I *do* wish he would fall seriously, desperately, distractedly in love with *me!* Wouldn't I lead him a chase! Oh, glory! *Comfort*—you're a knowing old lady! Do you really think the man *has* a heart hid away under his Parisian vest? Do you think there's any—the least chance in the world of my making him fall in love with *me?* Oh! Comfort! I had rather bring that man's brow to the dust, than to have a Prince at my feet! What do you think, Comfort?"

"Think! What do I think! Ah! I berry much afeard he get *your* brow in de dus'!"

"MY brow!" exclaimed Ambrosia, with the air of an indignant Queen!

"Ah, you know, honey, I heern tell o' people as went for wool, an' come home shorn! 'Deed, honey, it's a dang'ous 'musement you're tryin' of! Oh, honey, you do make me so oneasy! Oh, chile, you don't know Gen'l I'on! Oh, chile, you didn't see as I saw, how our Miss Alice hated and 'spised him at first, and how she come to love de berry groun' he walked on at las'! Oh, honey, he so debbilish artful! an' so 'fennelly 'ceitful! Oh, chile! de bird an' de sarpent! de bird an' de sarpent!" said Comfort, shaking her head wisely.

Ambrosia threw up her head with a proud and scornful smile, saying, as she twined the braid of her black hair in a natural crown around her head,

"I know which is the fascinator and which the victim in this instance! Now go before me and open the door, Comfort!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE COQUETTE CAUGHT IN HER OWN TRAP.

Was ever woman in this humor wooed
Shakspeare.

With the same curled lip, high brow, and regnant step, Miss Wylie entered the drawing-room, where she found General Garnet and Judge Wylie engaged in what seemed to be a slight and unconnected conversation. Both gentlemen arose as she entered, and General Garnet placed a chair and seated her in it. They then resumed their seats, and the discourse was taken up and continued in the same desultory manner until the announcement of supper.

Then General Garnet, with his usual air of stately suavity, advanced and led Miss Wylie to the table. Here they were joined by Mr. Ulysses Roebuck, who, having previously been *talked down* by his uncle, looked not explosive and dangerous, but depressed and sulky.

After supper they returned to the drawing-room, where General Garnet requested Miss Wylie to favor the circle with a song.

Ambrosia hesitated, half advancing some slight excuse.

General Garnet forebore to urge the request.

Ambrosia was disappointed. She *preferred* to sing and play, while General Garnet should hang over her, turning the music, and loosing himself in a sort of ecstacy. She *expected* to sing, but expected also first to be *pressed*. She was *not* pressed. And this circumstance piqued and chagrined her.

But after a little more discursive conversation, General Garnet challenged Miss Wylie to a game of chess. And this time the coquette, without any affectation of reluctance to comply with her admirer's request, accepted the challenge. And they sat down to the board. This left the host free to play his favorite game of euchre with Mr. Roebuck, who sat down to the table, casting fierce and furtive glances towards his neighbors, the chess-players.

The jealous lover needed to have been vigilant, although he now saw absolutely nothing to disturb his peace, and everything to assure it. Miss Wylie's manner was quiet and affable—General Garnet's dignified, yet deferential.—There was nothing like gallantry in the deportment of the gentleman, and nothing like coquetry in the air of the lady. Mr. Roebuck felt himself completely reassured. Old Comfort was entirely mistaken, and he himself perfectly correct in his first apprehension of the case. Never was fond believer more thoroughly deceived.—Never did superficial sincerity rest upon a more dangerous mine. Never was a lover's heart-interests in greater danger than Mr. Ulysses Roebuck's, at this moment of apparent safety. Could he have looked beneath that quiet, pleasant smile of Miss Wylie, he would have seen that her heart was disquieted within her! Could he have peeped behind the mask of General Garnet's majestic, yet gracious countenance, he would have seen the lurking, scornful face of the skillful intriguant, exulting over, yet despising his prospective success! The game of chess

* Palavering.

Selected Poetry.

MY GOOD OLD AXE.

BY S. W. B.

Let others sing of [illegible] and flowers,
And [illegible] groves and balmy air,
And silver streams and fairy bowers,
And [illegible] as fair;
But I will talk of things and facts,
And tell of thee—thou good old Axe.

Thou good old Axe my father bought
Long years ago, by honest toil,
When men of [illegible] labor wrought,
[illegible] their hardy hands to soil,
(With chopper's hammer on their backs)
By swinging thee—thou good old Axe.

Thou good old Axe—thy edge of steel
Hath strewn the forest dark and drear;
When [illegible] of old thy echoing peal,
How wildly flew the bounding deer!
And [illegible] and coppice bowed like flax
Beneath thy tread—thou good old Axe.

Thou good old Axe! thy polished blade
Hath laid the pine and [illegible] low—
Hath hewn the tall and stately mast
And bade it o'er the ocean go;
From man-of-war to fishing smacks,
All felt thy power—thou good old Axe.

Thou good old Axe! how coursed the blood
Along the sluggish tide of life
While swinging thee; no purple flood
Gushed by the steel in battle strife:
The sword shall wane, but thou shalt wax
And brighten yet—thou good old Axe.

Thou good old Axe—the wintry blast
Is driven from the cot by thee;
Those dropping as they fall so fast,
Are dried by the warm hearth of glee;
[illegible]—the fire upon thee cracks
His oats and [illegible]—thou good old Axe.

Thou good old Axe!—the Western mine,
Where thousands rush to dig and die,
May boast of one more rich than thine,
But none more useful 'neath the sky;
The spade, the plough, the steam-horse tracks
Are like of thine—thou good old Axe.

Thou good old Axe—well may'st thou rest;
A faithful soldier [illegible] thy foes,
Clearing the dark woods to the West,
And planting where they stood, the rose;
While lovely villas come and wax
Like changing scenes—thou good old Axe.

Thou good old Axe!—a potent power
And magic spell is hid in thee;
Better than Croesus' wealth thy dower,
Or gems that light the pearly sea;
Who loveth thee he nothing lacks—
Peace, riches, health—thou good old Axe!

Windham (Vt.) Democrat.

Pictures of Life.

TWO PICTURES OF A FARMER'S HOME.

FROM MAJ. PATRICK'S ADDRESS BEFORE THE JEFFERSON CO. (N. Y.) AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

An industrious pair, some twenty or thirty years ago, commenced the world with strong hands, stout hearts, robust health and steady habits. By the blessing of Heaven their industry has been rewarded with plenty, and their labors have been crowned with success. The dense forest has given place to stately orchards of fruit, and fertile fields, and waving meadows, and verdant pastures, covered with the evidences of worldly prosperity. The log cabin is gone, and in its stead a fair white house, two stories, and a wing with kitchen in the rear, flanked by barns, and cribs, and granaries, and dairy houses.

But take a nearer view. Ha! what means this mighty crop of unmown thistles bordering the road? For what market is that still mightier crop of pigweed, dock and nettles destined, that fills up the space *they call* the "garden!" And look, too, at those wide, unsightly thickets of elm, and sumach, and briers, and chokeberry, that mark the lines of every fence!

Approach the house, built in the road to be *convenient*, and save land! Two stories and a wing, and every blind shut close as a miser's fist, without a tree or shrub, or flower to break the air of barrenness and desolation around it.—There it stands, white, glaring and ghastly as a pyramid of bones in the desert. Mount the unfrequented door-stone, grown over with vile weeds, and knock till your knuckles are sore. It is a beautiful moonlight October evening; and as you stand upon that stone, a ringing laugh comes from the *rear*, and satisfies you that somebody lives *there*. Pass now around to the rear; but hold your nose when you come within range of the piggery, and have a care that you don't get swamped in the neighborhood of the sink-spout. Enter the kitchen. Ha! they are all alive, and here they *live*, all together. The kitchen is the kitchen, the dining-room, the sitting-room, the room of all work. Here father sits with his hat on, and in his shirt sleeves. Around him are his boys and hired men, some with hats, and some with coats, and some with neither. The boys are busy shelling corn for samp; the hired men are scraping whip stocks and whittling bow pins, throwing every now and then a sheep's eye and a jest at the girls, who, with their mother, are *doing up* the house-work. The younger fry are building cob-houses, parching corn, and burning their fingers. Not a book is to be seen, though the Winter school has commenced, and the master is going to board there. Privacy is a word of unknown meaning in that family; and if a son or daughter should borrow a book, it would be almost impossible to read it in that room; and on no occasion is the front house opened, except when "company come to spend the afternoon," or when things are brushed and dusted and "set to rights."

Yet these are as honest as worthy and kind-hearted people as you will find anywhere, and are *studying out* some way of getting their younger children into a better position than they themselves occupy. They are in easy circumstances, owe nothing, and have money loaned on bond and mortgage. After much consultation, a son is placed at school that he may be fitted to go into a store, or possibly an office, to study a *profession*, and a daughter is sent away to learn books, and manners, and *gentility*. On this son or daughter, or both, the hard earnings of years are lavished; and they are reared up in the belief that whatever smacks of the country is vulgar—that the farmer is *necessarily* ill-bred, and his calling ignoble.

Now, will any one say that this picture is overdrawn? I think not. But let us see if there is not a ready way to change the whole expression and character of the picture, almost without cost or trouble. I would point out an easier, happier, and more economical way of educating those children far more thoroughly, while at the same time the minds of the parents are expanded, and they are prepared to enjoy, in the society of their educated children, the fruits of their own early industry.

And first: let the *front* part of that house be thrown open, and the most convenient, agreeable and pleasant room in it be selected as the *family-room*. Let its doors be ever open; and, when the work of the kitchen is completed, let mothers and daughters be found *there* with their appropriate work.

Let it be the room where the family altar is erected, on which the father offers the morning and the evening sacrifice. Let it be consecrated to Neatness, and Purity, and Truth. Let no *hat* ever be seen in that room on the head of its owner; let no *coatless* individual be permitted to enter it. If father's head is bald, (and some there are in that predicament,) his daughter will be proud to see his temples covered by the neat and graceful silken cap that her own hands have fashioned for him. If the coat he wears by day is too heavy for the evening, calicoes are cheap, and so is cotton wadding. A few shillings placed in that daughter's hand ensure him the most comfortable wrapper in the world; and if his boots are hard, and cut mother's carpet, a bushel of wheat once in three years will keep him in slippers of the easiest kind. Let that table which has always stood under the looking-glass, *against the wall*, be wheeled into the room, its leaves raised, and plenty of useful (not ornamental) books and periodicals be laid upon it. When evening comes, bring on the lights—and plenty of them—for sons and daughters—all who can—will be most willing students. They will read, they will learn, they will discuss the subject of their studies with each other; and parents will often be quite as much instructed as their children. The well-conducted agricultural journals of our day throw a flood of light upon the *science* and *practice* of agriculture; while such a work as Downing's Landscape Gardening, laid one year upon that centre table, will show its effects to every passer-by, for with books and studies like these, a purer taste is born and grows most vigorously.

Pass along that road after five years' working of this system in the family, and what a change! The thistles by the roadside enriched the manure heap for a year or two, and then they died. Those beautiful maples and graceful elms, that beautify the grounds around that renovated home, were grubbed from the wide hedge-rows of five years ago; and so were those prolific rows of blackberries, and raspberries, and bush cranberries, that *then* so shyly in that *new garden*, yielding abundance of small fruit in their season. The unsightly out-houses are screened from observation by dense masses of foliage; and the many climbing plants that now hang in graceful festoons from tree, and porch, and column, once clambered along that same hedge-row. From the meadow, from the wood, and from the gurgling stream, many a native wild flower has been transplanted to a genial soil, beneath the homestead's sheltering wing, and yields a daily offering to the household gods, by the hands of those fair priestesses who have now become their admirers. By the planting out of trees, and shrubs, and flowers, and climbing plants around that once bare and unlovely home, it has become a tasteful residence, and its money value is more than doubled. A cultivated taste displays itself in a thousand forms, and at every touch of its hand gives beauty and value to property. A judicious taste, so far from plunging its possessor into expense, makes money for him. The land on which that hedge-row grew five years ago, for instance, has produced enough since, to doubly pay the expense of grubbing it, and of transferring its fruit-briars to the garden, where they have not only supplied the family with berries in their season, but have yielded many a surplus quart, to purchase that long row of red and yellow Antwerps and English gooseberries; to say nothing of the scions bought with their money, to form new heads for the trees in the old orchard.

Those sons and daughters sigh no more for town or city life, but love with intense affection every foot of ground they tread upon, every tree, and every vine, and every shrub, their hands have planted, or their taste has trained. But stronger still do their affections cling to that *family-room*, where their minds first began to be developed, and to that centre-table around which they still gather with the shades of evening, to drink in knowledge, and wisdom, and understanding.

The stout farmer who once looked upon his acres only as a laboratory for transmuting labor into gold, now takes a widely different view of his possessions. His eyes are opened to the *beautiful* in nature, and he looks with reverence upon every giant remnant of the forest that by good luck escaped his murderous axe in former days. No leafy monarch is now laid low without a stern necessity demands it; but many a vigorous tree is planted, in the hope that the children of *his* children may gather beneath the spreading branches, and talk with pious gratitude of him who planted them. No longer feeling the need of taxing his physical powers to the utmost, his eye takes the place of his hand, when the latter grows weary, and *mind* directs the operations of labor. See him stand and look with delighted admiration at his sons, *his educated sons*, as they take hold of every kind of work, and roll it off with easy motion, but with the power of mind in every stroke.

But it is the proud mother who takes the solid comfort, and wonders that it is so easy after all, *when one knows how*, to live at ease, enjoy the society of happy daughters and contented sons, to whom the *city folks* make most respectful bows and treat with special deference as truly *well bred ladies and gentlemen*.

Now, this is no more a fancy picture than the other. It is a process that I have watched in many families, and in different States. The results are everywhere alike, because they are natural. The same cause will always produce the same effects, varying circumstances only modifying the intensity.

SINGULAR MODE OF COURTSHIP.

The Rev. Dr. L———, an eminent Scotch divine, and Professor of Theology, was remarkable for absence of mind, and indifference to worldly affairs. His mind, wrapt up in lofty contemplations, could seldom stoop to the ordinary business of life, and when at any time he did attend to secular affairs, he generally went about them in a way unlike anybody else, as the history of his courtship will show. He was greatly beloved by his elders and congregation; was full of simplicity and sincerity, and entirely unacquainted with the etiquette of the world. Living the solitary, comfortless life of a bachelor, his elders gave him frequent hints that his domestic happiness would be much increased by his taking to himself a wife, and pointed out several young ladies in his congregation, any one of whom might be a fit match or companion for him.

The elders, finding all the hints had no effect in rousing the doctor to the using of the means, preliminary to entering into a matrimonial alliance, at last concluded to wait upon him, and stir him up to the performance of his duty.—They urged on him the advantages of marriage—his happiness—spoke of it as a divine institution, and as affording all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and, in short, all the sweets of domestic life. The doctor approved of all they said, and apologized for his past neglect of duty, on account of many difficult passages of Scripture he had of late been attending to, and promised to look after it, "the first convenient season." The elders, however, were not to be put off any longer; they insisted on the doctor at once making use of the means, and requested from him a promise that, on Monday afternoon, he would straightway visit the house of a widow lady, a few doors from him, who had three pretty daughters, and who were the most respectable in the doctor's congregation. To solve any difficult passage in the book of Genesis—reconcile apparent discrepancies, or clear up a knotty text, would have been an easy and agreeable task to the doctor, compared with storming the widow's premises. But to the raising of the siege the doctor must go, and, with great gravity and simplicity, gentle reader, you can imagine you see him commencing the work.

After the usual salutations were over, he said to Mrs. W———n,

"My session have of late been advising me to take a wife, and recommended me to call upon you; and as you have three fine daughters, I would like to say a word to the eldest, if you have no objections."

Miss W———n enters, and the doctor, with his characteristic simplicity, said to her,

"My session have been advising me to take a wife, and recommended me to call upon you."

The young lady, who had seen some thirty Summers, was not to be caught so easily; she laughed heartily at the doctor's abruptness; hinting to him that in making a sermon, was it not necessary to say something first to introduce the subject properly before he entered fully upon it?—and, as for her part, she was determined not to surrender her liberty at a moment's warning,—"the honor of her sex was concerned in her standing out." This was all a waste of time to the doctor, and he requested to see her sister."

Miss E. W———n then entered, and, to save time, the doctor says,

"My session have been advising me to take a wife, and I had been speaking to your sister who has just gone out at the door, and as she is not inclined that way, what would you think of being Mrs. L———n?"

"Oh, doctor, I don't know; it is rather a serious question. Marriage, you know, binds one for life, and it should not be rashly entered into—I would not consent without taking time to deliberate upon it."

"My time," says the doctor, "is so much occupied, and as my session has said so much to me on the business, that I must finish it to-day, if I can, so you had best tell your mother to send in your youngest sister to speak to me."

In a moment comes the honest, lively Miss Mary W———n.

"Come away, my child, it is getting on in the afternoon, and I must get home to my studies; I have been speaking to both your sisters on a little business, and they have declined—I am a man of few words, and, without misspending precious time, what would you think of being made Mrs. L———n?"

"Indeed, I always thought a deal of you, doctor, and if my mother does not say against it, I have no objections."

The doctor left Miss Mary in a few minutes, enjoining her to fix the day, for any would suit him, but to send him up word the day before.

The doctor was scarcely home before a keen dispute arose in the family among the three young ladies, all claiming the doctor. The eldest one said the offer was first made to her, and she did not positively refuse. The second declared that she wished only a little time to think upon it; and the younger insisted that it was completely settled with her. The mother of the young ladies was in such difficulty with her daughters, that she was obliged to call upon the doctor himself to settle the dispute. She called, and the reverend doctor, in his characteristic way, said,

"My dear Mrs. W———n, I am very fond of peace in families; it is all the same thing to me, which of them, and just settle it among yourselves, and send me up word."

The doctor was married to the youngest, and one of his sons is, at this day, a respectable clergyman, "in the land of the mountain and the flood."

A Missouri Wonder.—Missouri iron is famous. Equally remarkable is the Pilot Knob in Madison County of that State. Pilot Knob is 700 feet high, and from the elevation of 500 feet to the summit is a naked body of ore, free of earth and stone, singularly traversed and intersected by cracks or veins, as if in a freak of nature to facilitate the quarrying and removing the treasure. The property is owned and worked by a joint stock company, whose possessions extend to 15,000 acres of land.

Wit and Humor.

Three Chances for a Wife.—When a man has three chances for a wife, it is, indeed, a hard misfortune if he should fail. The following is one of these cases which might have occurred down East, but I am rather doubtful if a similar event was ever known in any other part of the world. But let me give the experience of the gentleman who had three chances, in his own language:—"I once courted a gal by the name of Deb Hawkins. I made it up to get married. Well, while we was going up to the deacon's, I stepped my foot into a mud puddle, and spattered the mud all over Deb Hawkins's new gown, made out of her grandmother's old chintz petticoat. Well, when we got to the deacon's, he asked Deb if she would take me for her lawfully wedded husband. 'No,' says she, 'I shan't do no such thing.' 'What on airth is the reason?' says I. 'Why,' says she, 'I've taken a mislikin' to you.' Well, it was all up with me then, but I gave her a string of beads, a few kisses, some other notions, and made it all up with her; so we went up to the deacon's a second time. I was determined to come up to her this time, so when the deacon asked me if I would take her for my lawfully wedded wife, says I, 'No, I shan't do no such thing.' 'Why,' says Deb, 'what on airth is the matter?' 'Why,' says I, 'I have taken a mislikin' to you now.' Well, there it was all up again, but I give her a new apron, and a few other little trinkets, and we went up again to get married. We expected then we would be tied so fast that all nature couldn't separate us, and when we asked the deacon if he would marry us, he said, 'No, I shan't do any sich thing.' 'Why, what on airth is the reason?' said we. 'Why,' said he, 'I have taken a mislikin' to both on you.' Deb burst out crying, the deacon burst out scolding, and I burst out laughing, and sich a set you never did see."

A Clerical Anecdote.—Some thirty-five or forty years ago, a Mr. Williams, a clergyman of the Old School, somewhat eccentric, came to Salem, from the country, to exchange desks with one of his brethren in the ministry. During the Sabbath noon intermission, he said to his daughter,

"I am going to lie down; if St. Paul comes himself, don't you disturb me."

Mr. Bently, who preached in the East Church, had been very intimate with Mr. Williams, but had not seen him for several years; hearing he was in town, hurried off after dinner to make his old friend a call.

"Where is brother Williams?" he inquired, as he met the daughter.

"He can't be disturbed, sir, not even if St. Paul should call."

"I *must* see him!" was the impatient rejoinder, in the inimitable manner peculiar to Mr. Bently.

Resistance to such a *must* was out of the question.

The room of the sleeper was shown. With no gentle voice and a corresponding shake, Mr. Williams was aroused. He was delighted to see his friend Bently, reiterating in his fervency his gratification.

"I think, brother Williams," says Mr. Bently, "that you are a little inconsistent."

"How so, how so? brother Bently."

"Didn't you tell your daughter you was not to be disturbed, even if St. Paul called! yet you appear very glad to see me."

"No, no, brother Bently, not inconsistent at all I was—I am glad to see you. The Apostle Paul! why I hope to spend a blessed eternity with him; but *you*, brother Bently, I never expect to see you again."—*Bingham Journal.*

Crowe's Retort on Johnson.—Dr. Johnson was not a little disconcerted by an unexpected retort made upon him before a large party at Oxford, by Dr. Crowe. The principles of our lexicographer ran with too much violence in one way not to foam a little when they met with a current running equally strong in another. The dispute happened to turn upon the origin of whiggism; for Johnson had triumphantly challenged Dr. Crowe to tell him who was the first Whig. The latter finding himself a little puzzled, Dr. Johnson tauntingly rejoined:

"I see, sir, that you are even ignorant of the head of your own party; but I will tell you, sir; the devil was the first Whig; he was the first reformer; he wanted to set up a reform even in Heaven!"

Dr. Crowe calmly replied.

"I am much obliged to you for your information, and I certainly did not foresee that you would go so far back for your authority; yet I rather fear that your argument makes against yourself; for if the devil was a Whig, you have admitted that, while he was a Whig he was in Heaven; but you have forgotten that the moment he got into hell he set up for a Tory."

The wit of Dr. Johnson, though coarse and rough, was usually so pointed and far-sighted as to admit of no cutting and annihilating rejoinder, as in the present case. But he had met his match.

Dodging the Responsibility.—"Sir!" said Fieryfaces, the lawyer, to an unwilling witness, "Sir! do you say, upon your oath, that Blimpkins is a dishonest man?"

"I didn't say he was ever accused of being an honest man, did I?" replied Pipkins.

"Does the Court understand you to say, Mr. Pipkins, that the plaintiff's reputation is bad?" inquired the Judge, merely putting the question to keep his eyes open.

"I didn't say it was good, I reckon."

"Sir!" said Fieryfaces, "sir-r! upon your oath—mind, upon your oath, upon your oath, you say that Blimpkins is a rogue, a villain and a thief?"

"You say so," was Pip's reply.

"Haven't you said so?"

"Why, you've said it," said Pipkins, "what's the use of my repeating it?"

"Sir-r!" thundered Fieryfaces, the Demosthenean thunderer of Thumbtown, "sir, I charge you, upon your sworn oath, do you or do you not say Blimpkins stole things?"

"No, sir," was the cautious reply of Pipkins. "I never said Blimpkins stole things, but I do say—*he's got a devil of a way of finding things that nobody lost!*"

"Sir-r," said Fieryfaces, "you can retire," and the Court adjourned.

Catching a Rogue.—Strange stratagems are often resorted to by creditors in pursuit of dishonest debtors. At a meeting in Leeds, last week, of a society for the protection of trade, one of the speakers related an instance in point. A poor fellow arrived in Liverpool, from the West, riding in pursuit of a fugitive, who had carried away £300 of his money. He applied to an attorney, to the magistrate, and to the chief of police in vain. Turning sorrowfully away, a police officer offered him a bit of advice: "Go you to the ship's side to-morrow at ten o'clock—the vessel sails at twelve—and ask your debtor ashore civilly." "Will he come, do you think?" "Oh, yes, he'll come, for he says I cannot touch him." "Well, that's all right. Ask him to come to you on the quay. As soon as he comes, knock him down. I'll be close at hand, and take you both into custody for a breach of the peace. You will get to the police office just as the magistrates are gone. The next day is Sunday, and he'll have to stop till Monday. You'll have time then to force him to give up your money." The man took the policeman's advice—knocked the runaway rogue down—both were taken to the station-house, and the fellow in the end was glad to disgorge the whole £300.

Sailors' Yarns.—Old Jack Ringbolt had been spinning old Mrs. Tartaremetic any quantity of salty yarns; she was quite surprised at Mr. Ringbolt's ups and downs, trials, travels and tribulations. Honest Jack (!) had assured the old dame that he had sailed over many and many cities, all under water, and whose roofs and chimneys, with the sign boards on the stores, were still quite visible. He had seen Lot's wife, or the pillar of salt she was finally frozen into!

"And did you see that,—Lot's wife?" asked the old lady.

"Yes, marm—but 'tain't there now—the cattle got afoul of the pillar of salt one day, and licked it all up."

"Good gracious, Mr. Ringbolt!"

"Fact, marm; I seed 'em at it, and tried to skeer 'em away."

"Well, Mr. Ringbolt, you've seen so much, and been around so, I'd think you'd want to settle down. Why don't you take a wife?"

"Well, marm, I have took *seven* 'fore now, but then their husbands never seemed to like it, so I give it up!"

On Umbrellas.—A travelling preacher in Ohio once delivered the following speech to the audience, at the close of the evening services:—"I would respectfully announce to the congregation that, probably by mistake, there was left at this house of prayer, this morning, a small, blue cotton umbrill, considerably damaged by time and wear; instead whereof was taken a very large brown silk umbrill, entirely new, and of great beauty. I say, brethren, it was probably by mistake, that of these umbrills, the one was taken and the other left; but it is an improper mistake, and should be discountenanced.—Blunders of this sort are getting a *leetle too plenty.*"

☞ Blacksmiths, it is said, *forge* and *steel* every day.

Our Portrait Gallery.

PORTRAITS OF THE "BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADIES," WHO ANSWERED THE ADVERTISEMENT OF THE "HANDSOME" YOUNG MAN.

Selected Articles.

NOBLE VIRTUES AMONG THE TURKS.

FROM A LADY CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

Asia Minor, *November* 1, 1851.

If I had nothing else to say about Turkish notions of domestic happiness but what concerns the family of life of the higher classes, I should have shunned the subject. But there is no law, no religion, no custom, no state of society corrupted or corrupting enough to suffocate or eradicate all that is good in the human heart, and it is always a pleasant, a comforting sight, to behold, in the very depth of savage or of artificial depravity, the likeness of those virtues that we call saintly, and which we are accustomed to consider as the ultimate result of perfect civilization, mingled together with the influences of Divine inspiration. The voice of God it is, which teaches the same holy precepts in every respect so dissimilar from each other, and gives to those who follow them the same recompense of inward peace, and of invariable satisfaction. But that voice speaks all languages, and accommodates itself to all intelligences, and to the external circumstances which surround men. It is enough for it that the heart to which it is directed be a simple and a true one; and be assured, wherever, and in whatever condition you find such a heart, the virtues which adorn the noblest specimens of humanity will be found in it.

Such hearts I have found in Turkey. The men to whom they belonged were nursed and bred in the Mussulman faith, and consider woman as a servant and a plaything, a little better perhaps, than a dog, but much inferior to a horse. To take as many of these playthings as one could maintain, to despise their feelings, to scorn their affections, to throw them aside when they are worn out, such is the Mussulman's creed toward womanhood. A young man marries an old woman, when the old woman has some fortune, or when she still has some remnant of beauty. Does he think of the burden that will weigh upon himself a few years later? No. There is no such thing for a Turkish husband. The next day after his marriage, if his wife were only rich, and some time later, if she be still handsome, the young husband will completely neglect her. He will not deceive her—he will not try to dissimulate his disgust for his old ties, and his propensity for new ones. He will take no more notice of his wife than if she had never been; a new one, a young one will take her place, and the poor victim will live and die in solitude and scorn. And the young man, if he is rich, will not content himself with having united his fate to that of a woman of his own age, and of his inclinations—he will go on, taking a new one every six or seven years, and when he himself grows old, decrepid, infirm, an abject sight, he still will not blush to take to his bosom a young girl, a child, or more than one, if death does not forbid. And yet such a man is capable of being a most exemplary man, a very paragon of domestic virtue, a model to all husbands and all fathers.

How does it happen, then, that in the vicinity of such examples of Mussulman morality, you may see a healthy and vigorous man of forty married from his youth to a weak, sickly valetudinarian, who has never made him a father, nor ever will; who requires constant and assiduous cares, and offers in exchange but a sorrowful and unpleasant companion? How is it that the husband does not send this burden to the ——— gentleman without a name, instead of tearing it? But I mistake. He does not bear it. If he felt it as a burden, he would lay it aside. But what duty hinders him? What fear of the world's judgment? I asked the question—"How does it happen that you, a Mussulman, with your ideas upon marriage, with your ardent desire for children, have not long since chosen a healthier and more agreeable wife?"

"I love this one," continued he, "and have loved her from my first youth. She has made me as happy as she could; would it be just and fair to ask more of her? Certainly, I could get another wife, and be a father, which would be a great happiness for me; but in looking for better, I might find still worse. And, besides, I should have given this one a greater pang than all her maladies. She would weep and be unhappy. Better so, better so. I am contented," concluded he, cheerfully.

And I was contented, too, because I was sick of the high-life way of considering the matter. I turned to the wife, and could not help telling her—"You ought to love your husband dearly, and to feel grateful to him for his fidelity."

"And so I do," was her verbal answer, while her looks said much more.

Yes, she ought to feel proud and grateful, much more than any civilized woman to her civilized mate for the same consideration. For the Turkish husband is perfectly free from religious restraint, and free from the restraint of public opinion, and if he allows the tears of his wife to fetter him, those tears draw their power nowhere but from themselves.

I shall never forget an old couple who came one morning to consult me about the blindness of its weaker member. The husband, a fine old man of the pure race, wore the ancient Asiatic garb, the flowing garments, the flowing beard, the wide white turban, and although his eyes were black and brilliant as his person erect and yet vigorous, he led after him a shabby donkey, which was ridden by the invalid. The old lady was not only blind, but she was a cripple, had lost the human shape, did not speak, but muttered unintelligibly, growled, grumbled, and suffered. When she was taken from the saddle, her husband had to carry her till he seated her upon the ground, then arranged her dress, told her something to comfort her, and then turned to me, who had stood a silent spectator of this.

"What do you expect me to do with your wife?" said I.

He requested that I would call the sun to rise again before her eyes, which was impossible to me, the old lady being afflicted with the cataract.

"Do you come from afar?" I asked.

"Three days' journey," was the answer.

"Well," said I, "you don't lack courage; go on still further, to a town, where there is a surgeon, and I dare say he will undertake the cure."

"Well, if I can persuade her to come, I will go."

"Are you not the master?" I inquired.

"The master?—yes, I dare say I could be, but who can be so rude as to make her do a thing she dislikes?—she is so unhappy." And he wiped away a true tear.

"Is it a long time since such a misfortune befell her?" I inquired.

"Ten years."

"And are you alone to take care of her? Have you no children?"

"We have several, but they are all married, and have families and houses of their own, so that we are alone; but never mind, we are contented with each other; though alone, I can nurse her."

And he nursed her indeed, and not an amiable invalid was she to be nursed—ever complaining, ever upbraiding, ever wearying; but he did not seem to be sensible of it. When dinner was served, he never tasted food till she had done, putting the spoon and the glass to her mouth, answering her inquiries, and soothing her ruffled temper. Once she seemed to grow quite intolerable; she grumbled more than usual, shook her shoulders, tried to turn her back to him, and was very angry. But he went on caressing her, and entreating her to refrain till they should be alone, and then he begged of me to excuse her on account of her terrible sufferings. Whether it was the allusion to her sufferings that moved her, I know not; but she relented, asked pardon, and shed tears. He put his hand upon her lips to stop her apologies, and profited by the momentary fit of submission to make her depart. He thanked me for my sincerity, for the good advice I had given him, and went away. I saw them ascend one of the mountains which close my valley from the Eastern world, cheerfully dragging his craft after him, stopping from time to time, as if to rest, but in truth, to address some words to his old companion. "God bless you!" fervently said my heart; "Turk as you are, savage as you must still remain, ignorant as you are doomed to be; God bless you, and may many more of my sisterhood find such a husband as you." And God had blessed him to a certainty, since the best feelings in the human heart were his.

CHRISTINE TRIVULZIO DI BELGIOIOSO.

THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE.

It is pleasant to see Political Economy going hand in hand with Religion and Morality, in advocating the wisdom and beauty of Peace. The following is an extract from the "Essay on the Rate of Wages," by Henry C. Carey:—

"Had the laws which govern the rate of wages, and the effect of the various disturbing causes which prevent the action of those laws, been properly understood, wars could never have been popular. Mr. M'Culloch says with great truth that 'the laborers are masters of their own fortunes,' and that there is little reason to hope for any great improvement until they shall be made to understand correctly the laws which govern the rate of wages, and the fact that it rests with them to determine what that rate shall be. Had they understood them, they would have seen that a state of peace was that in which they must prosper most, and would have been indisposed to join in a pursuit that might bring them 'glory,' but that would inevitably deprive them of a part of their bread and meat. Had they been understood by those who are in 'high places,' and upon whom rested the cares of government, they would have seen that the prosperity and happiness of the people, in which would consist their own true glory, were not to be promoted by empty triumphs, nor by the addition of barren islands to their already extensive possessions. They would have seen that peace alone could do it; and had they done so, they might perhaps have retained the same intimate connection with this country that once existed, with an intercourse unfettered by corn laws on the one side, or the system of minimums on the other; and the people of Great Britain, instead of groaning under the pressure of taxation for the support of the government, the land-owners, paupers, and monopolists, might now be the happiest and freest from taxation of any nation in the world. It is, indeed, impossible to imagine the height of prosperity which she might have attained, had she kept aloof from the intrigues and contentions of the Continent during the last century, as she might well have done; and had the thousands of millions expended in paying men for carrying muskets been left in the hands of their owners, to be applied as they might judge most likely to conduce to their comfort and advantage. Unfortunately, however, the triumphs of peace are little valued; and Sir Robert Walpole, who could maintain a peace for twenty years, is little thought of when compared with the elder Pitt, whose first wish was for extended territory, and who is best known for carrying the nation triumphantly through a war; and the names of Alexander and of Cæsar are familiar to thousands who never heard of Antoninus, or of Marcus Aurelius."

"The Past, The Present, and The Future," another of Mr. Carey's works, is radiant with this beautiful and holy philosophy. In a subordinate heading it is called "The Lesson of the Past to the Present;" and we will here close with a few of the inculcations of this new and lovelier reading of the political science of our age.

"The Past says to the Present: 'Avoid war! It diminishes population and wealth and union; and it tends to reduce nations into tribes. Its apparent grandeur is real littleness. It destroys the power of self-protection, in which consists real greatness.'

"To the representatives of land it says:—'Avoid war! It destroys population and wealth and the value of land is dependent upon the growth of both.'

"To the laborer it says, 'Avoid war! It destroys wealth more rapidly than population. It diminishes your power over the product of your labor, and it tends to increase the existing inequality of condition.'

"The Past says to the landlord of the Present: 'If you desire that your lands become valuable, yielding large rents, labor to promote the maintenance of peace.'

"To the tenant it says: 'If you desire to become the owner of the land you cultivate, labor to promote the maintenance of peace, and to prevent the waste of wealth in fleets and armies.'

"To the laborer it says: 'If you desire to own your house, and lot, and garden, your own shop, or your own farm; to have your own wife and children; to read your own books and newspapers; to go to your own church; to send your children to your own school; and to see them prosper in an active world, where rapidly increasing wealth gives increased wages to a rapidly increasing population, labor to promote the maintenance of peace and economy.'

"To the nation: 'If you desire to acquire, individually and collectively, the power of perfect self-protection, avoid war and preparation for war.'

"The Past says to the Present: 'If you desire that woman should occupy the position for which she was intended by her Creator, cultivate peace.'

"'If you desire that your lands shall become valuable, avoid war, and permit wealth to increase, that woman may be chaste, and population grow.'

"'If you desire that the honor of your wife and daughter may be respected, labor to promote the maintenance of peace.'

"To woman it says: 'If you would be a happy wife, mistress of your own home, and surrounded by your children, love those who cultivate peace.'"

Force of Conscience.—The following relation has often been reprinted in religious magazines and the like. It is given by Dr. Fordyce, Professor of Philosophy at Aberdeen, in his "Dialogues Concerning Education," as "a true story of what happened in a neighboring State not many years ago:"

A jeweller of considerable wealth having occasion to travel some distance from the place of his abode, took with him a servant in order to take care of his portmanteau. Having occasion to dismount on the road, the servant, watching his opportunity, took a pistol from his master's saddle and shot him dead on the spot; then rifled him of his money and jewels, and threw the body into the nearest river. With this booty he made off to a distant part of the country. He was at length admitted to a share of the government of the town, and rose from one post to another, till at length he was chosen to be chief magistrate. One day as he sat on the bench with some of his brethren in the magistracy, a criminal was brought before him who was accused of murdering his master. The evidence was full; the jury brought in their verdict that the prisoner was guilty; and the whole assembly awaited the sentence of the President of the Court, which he happened to be on that day. At length, coming down from the bench, he placed himself by the guilty man at the bar, and made a full confession of his guilt, and of all its aggravations. We may easily suppose the great amazement of all the assembly, and especially of his fellow judges. They proceeded, however, upon this confession, to pass sentence upon him, and he died with all the symptoms of a penitent mind.

INSANITY OF THE CÆSARS.

But, finally, what if, after all, the worst of the Cæsars, and those in particular (Caligula and Nero), were entitled to the benefit of a still shorter but more conclusive apology?—What if, in a true medical sense, they were insane? It is certain that a vein of madness ran in the family; and anecdotes are recorded of the three worst, which go far to establish it as a fact, and others, which would imply it as symptoms—preceding or accompanying. As belonging to the former class, take the following story:—At midnight an elderly gentleman suddenly sends round a message to a select party of noblemen, rouses them out of bed, and summons them instantly to his palace. Trembling for their lives from the suddenness of the summons, and from the unseasonable hour, and scarcely doubting that by some anonymous *delator* they have been implicated as parties to a conspiracy, they hurry to the palace—are received in portentous silence by the ushers and pages in attendance—are conducted to a saloon, where (as in everywhere else) the silence of night prevails, united with the silence of fear and whispering expectation. All are seated—all look at each other in ominous anxiety. Which is the accuser? Which is the accused? On whom shall their suspicion settle? On whom their pity? All are silent—almost speechless—and even the current of their thoughts is frost-bound by fear. Suddenly the sound of a fiddle or a viol is caught from a distance—it swells upon the ear—steps approach—and in another moment in rushes the elderly gentleman, grave and gloomy as his audience, but capering about in frenzy of excitement. For half-an-hour he continues to perform all possible evolutions of capriole, pirouette, and other extravagant feats of activity, accompanying himself on the fiddle; and, at length, not having once looked at his guests, the elderly gentleman whirls out of the room in the same transport of emotion with which he entered it; the panic-struck visitors are requested by a slave to consider themselves as dismissed; they retire, resume their couches; the nocturnal pageant has "dislimned" and vanished; and on the following morning, were it not for their concurring testimonies, all would be disposed to take this interruption of their sleep for one of its most fantastic dreams. The elderly gentleman who figured in this delicious *pas seul*, who was he? He was Tiberius Cæsar, king of kings, and lord of the terraqueous globe. Would a British jury demand better evidence than this of a disturbed intellect in any formal process *de lunatico inquirendo?* For Caligula, again, the evidence of symptoms is still plainer. He knew his own defect; and purposed going through a course of hellebore. Sleeplessness, one of the commonest indications of lunacy, haunted him in an excess rarely recorded. The same, or similar facts, might be brought forward in behalf of Nero.—*Thomas De Quincey.*

PAST THE HOUR.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Sure I've sought the gate so long,
E'en the hedges know me;
Birds laugh at me in their song,—
Streams reflect and show me!
Not a flower that smiles so sweet
Seems my grief to soften:
E'en the meadow hates my feet,
I've been there so often:
But if e'er I pass this way—
Meet her on a future day—
May I—hush! yet stay, yet stay!
Don't I hear her coming?

Coming?—no, 'twas but the trees—
Night and storm are coming;
E'en the very wasps and bees
Mock me with their humming!
Vowed she not by all that's just,
All that's true, she'd meet me!
And 'tis thus she wrongs my trust,
And 'tis thus she'd cheat me!
But, if e'er again I'm cast
In such meshes as the past,
May I—'tis her step at last!
Now, indeed, she's coming!

Oh, my love! my life's delight!
Treasure of my being!
All my sorrow's put to flight,
Thee, my sweet one, seeing!
Yet, how could'st thou keep me here,
Heart and spirit failing!
How?—but no, we'll have no tear—
'Tis no time for railing;
For, despite my wayward freaks,
Still my heart in rapture speaks—
'I would stay waiting twenty weeks
But to see thee coming!'

"The Gardens of the Sun."—It is no unusual effect of an exuberant vegetation, to alter the accents of the human voice. "The air was so vitiated," says an African traveller, "that our torches burned dim, and seemed ready to be extinguished; and even the human voice lost its natural tone."

For the Young.

CHEMICAL ACTION.

EXPANSION OF METALS.

Q. Why do most persons dip their razor in *hot water* before shaving with it?

A. Because the heat of the water expands the edge; by that means rendering it more fine and sharp.

Q. Why does a *cooper* heat his *hoops red hot* when he puts them on a tub?

A. 1st.—As *iron expands by heat*, the hoops will be *larger* when they are red hot; in consequence of which, they will fit on the tub *more easily*: and

2nd.—As *iron contracts by cold*, the hoops will *shrink* as they cool down, and girt the tub with a *tighter grasp*.

Q. Why does a *wheelwright* make the tire *red hot* which he fixes on a *wheel*?

A. 1st.—That it may *fit on more easily*; and 2nd.—That it may *girt the wheel more tightly*.

Q. Why will the wheelwright's *tire fit* the wheel *more easily*, for being made *red hot*?

A. Because it will be *expanded* by the heat; and (being larger) will go on the wheel more *easily*.

Q. Why will the *tire* which has been put on *hot*, *girt* the wheel more *firmly*?

A. Because it will *shrink* when it cools down; and, therefore, *girt the wheel with a tighter grasp*.

Q. Why does a *stove* make a *crackling noise* when a fire is very hot?

A. Because it *expands* from the heat; and the parts of the stove *rubbing* against each other, or driving against the *bricks*, produce a *crackling* noise.

Q. Why does a *stove* make a similar *crackling noise* when a large *fire is put out*?

A. Because it *contracts again*, when the fire is removed; in consequence of which, the parts *rub against* each other again, and the *bricks are again disturbed*.

Q. Why does the *plaster* round a *stove crack* and fall away?

A. Because (when the fire is lighted) the *iron-work* expands more than the brick-work and plaster, and *pushes them away*; but (when the fire is put out) the metal *shrinks* again, and leaves the "setting" behind.

The "setting" is a technical word for the plaster, etc., in immediate contact with the stove.

These questions apply more particularly to what is called a "Franklin stove"—they may be seen in many of our farm houses.

Q. Why does the *plaster fall away*?

A. As a *chink* is left (between the "setting" and the stove,) the plaster will frequently fall away from its own weight.

Q. What *other* cause contributes to *bring the plaster down*?

A. As the *heat of the fire* varies, the *size of the iron stove* varies also; and this swelling and contracting keep up such a *constant disturbance* about the plaster, that it *cracks and falls off*, leaving the fireplace very unsightly.

Q. If the *boiler* or *kettle* attached to a kitchen range, be filled with cold water sometime *after* the fire has been lighted, it will be very likely to crack or burst. Why is this?

A. Because the heat of the fire has caused the metal of which the boiler is composed to *expand*—but the cold water very suddenly *contracts* again those parts with which it comes in contact—and as one part is *larger* than the other, the boiler cracks or bursts.

Q. When the stopper of a *decanter* or smelling-bottle sticks, why will a cloth wrung out of *hot water*, and wrapped around the *neck* of the bottle, *loosen* the stopper?

A. Because the hot cloth *heats* the neck of the bottle, causing it to *expand*, and consequently loosens the stopper.

Q. Why does the *stopper* of a decanter *stick fast* if it be put in damp?

A. If the stopper be damp, it fits the decanter *air-tight*; and if the decanter was last used in a heated room, as soon as the hot air enclosed in the inside has been condensed by the cold, the weight of the external air will be sufficient to press the stopper down, and make it stick fast.

Q. Why does the *stopper* of a *smelling-bottle* very often *stick fast*?

A. Because the contents of a smelling-bottle are very volatile, and leave the neck of the bottle, and the stopper, damp.—*From "Familiar Science," edited by R. E. Peterson.*

If the smelling-bottle was last used in a hot room, as soon as the hot air and volatile contents, inside the bottle, have been condensed by the cold, the weight of the external air will be sufficient to press the stopper down and make it stick.

Miscellaneous.

The Bachelor's Soliloquy.—Bless me! I'm thirty-nine to-day; six feet in my stockings, black eyes, curly hair, tall and straight as a cedar of Lebanon, and still a bachelor! Well, it's an independent life, at least; so it isn't either! Here's these new gloves of mine full of little rips, string off one of my most faithless dickeys, nice silk handkerchief in my drawer waiting hemming, top button off the waistband of my pants; what's to be done? How provoking it is to see these married people looking so self-satisfied and consequential, at the heads of their families, as if they had done the State a great service. Why, as to children, they are as plenty as flies in August, and about as troublesome; every alley, and court, and garret are swarming with 'em; they're no rarity, and any poor, miserable wretch can get a wife, enough of them, too, such as they are. It's enough to scare a man to death, to think how much it costs to keep one. Young folks have to begin now where their fathers and mothers left off. Silks and satins, ribbons and velvets, feathers and flowers, cuff pins and bracelets, gimcracks and fiddle-cum; and there's no help for it in my case, for if I married a woman I loved, and the dear little thing should ask me for my scalp, I should give it to her, I know I should. Then there's the tapestry carpets, and mirrors, and sofas, and ottomans, and damask curtains, and pictures and crocks—ry, and (you must look at the subject in all its bearings,) little jackets and frocks, and wooden horses and dolls, and pop-guns and gingerbread; don't believe I can do it, by Jupiter! But then, here I sit, with the toe of my best boot kicking the grate, for the want of something to do; it's coming awful cold, dreary weather, long evenings, can't go to concerts forever, and when I do my room looks so much the gloomier when I come back, and it would be cosy to have a nice little wife to chat and laugh with. I've tried to think of something else, but I can't; if I look in the fire, I am sure to see a pair of bright eyes; even the shadows on the wall take fairy shapes; I'm on the brink of ruin—I feel it; I shall read my doom in the marriage list before long—*I know I shall.*

Cure for the Rheumatism.—Captain Cook, the celebrated circumnavigator, describes a cure for this complaint, which is practised among the Otaheitans. It ought to be generally known, that in desperate cases the experiment may be tried.

While lying in a harbor in the island of Otaheite, he was troubled with a severe rheumatic pain, which extended from the hip to the ankle. As soon as the circumstance was known on shore, a numerous body of women flocked on board and volunteered their services in curing the disorder. He accepted their friendly offer, and submitted with a good grace to their directions. He was requested to lay down, when all who could get near him began to squeeze him with both hands all over the body, but more particularly in the parts complained of, till they made his bones crack, and his flesh became almost a mummy. He suffered this severe discipline for about quarter of an hour, when he was happy to get away from them. But the operation gave him immediate relief, and encouraged him to have it repeated before he went to bed, and it was so effectual that he found himself easy the whole night after. His female physicians obligingly repeated their prescription the next morning, and again in the evening, when the cure was completely effected.

The beneficial effect which is sometimes derived from the use of the *flesh-brush*, is well known. But this squeezing and pinching operation, called by the natives *romee*, seems to be more effective than any other kind of external friction, and it is universally practised among the islanders. If at any time a person appears languid and tired, and sits down, the *romee* is immediately practised on his legs, and it always has an excellent effect.

A Dream Realized.—Some time during the past Summer, a stranger stopped at one of the watering-places on the mountain South of Waynesboro', Pa. After his arrival there, he was taken sick, and for several days was apparently deranged. On his recovery he informed the proprietor of the house, that during his illness he had dreamed for three nights in succession, that he had discovered, at a certain distance in the mountain, under a rock, an earthen crock, containing a large amount of silver. At this the worthy host expressed his surprise, and spoke of it as a mysterious dream. Afterwards, however, they were walking together in that direction, when the dream was again adverted to by the stranger, and the proprietor at once proposed an examination, to satisfy their curiosity. The rock was soon found, and after carefully brushing the leaves away, it was moved, and, to their utter amazement, there sat a crock full of silver. They took it out, and conveyed it secretly to the house, and, on examination, it was found to contain $400, (all in half-dollars,) which was divided equally between them. The day after this discovery, the stranger was about to take his leave of the mountain, and complained to his friend, the proprietor of the Springs, of the inconvenience of carrying the silver, when an exchange was proposed and made, the stranger receiving bankable paper for his silver. It was not long after his departure, however, till the proprietor had made another discovery—*his four hundred dollars in silver were counterfeit!*—and he had thus been ingeniously swindled out of two hundred dollars.

Pork as Food.—The Boston Surgical and Medical *Gazette*, recently noticed the fact that the New Hampshire Shakers have abandoned the use of pork as an article of food. It believes the Shakers will be gainers in health by this resolution. It gives Moses the credit of being sagacious in interdicting its use among the Jews, and believes he well understood its injurious effects upon the Egyptians. "Scrofulous affections, if not generated," it says, "are thought to be aggravated by the use of pork, and measles have been charged to its use." It states that we suffer more from skin diseases than the people of those countries where pork is not used as food.

☞ Every oyster that is swallowed, as it is taken from the shell, has a heart pulsating about thirty-seven times a minute.

The Riddler.

ANATOMICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 39 letters.
My 4, 11, 9, 2, 19, 25, is a vein of the trunk.
My 12, 16, 27, 17, 39, are the principal organs of respiration.
My 1, 6, 9, 28, 27, 3, 9, 16, is a branch of the posterior tibial artery.
My 16, 24, 10, 19, is a bone of the upper extremity.
My 13, 6, 10, 2, 21, 29, 14, is a muscle of the upper extremity.
My 5, 9, 26, 9, 39, are appendages of the skin.
My 20, 15, 7, 2, 19, 10, 9, was an anatomist of Tuscany.
My 23, 9, 20, 1, is a tunic of the eye.
My whole is the name and residence of a distinguished jurist and statesman.
B. F. H.
Princeville, Ill.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 1, 17, 4, 20, 14, is a city in Russia.
My 2, 16, 1, 3, 18, is a county in Georgia.
My 3, 12, 19, 20, 10, is a city in France.
My 4, 19, 2, 15, 9, is a river in France.
My 5, 19, 16, 17, 14, is a county in Michigan.
My 6, 7, 19, 10, is a river in Asia.
My 7, 14, 15, 5, 19, 10, is a county in South Carolina.
My 8, 6, 4, 3, 9, is a city in Prussia.
My 9, 11, 19, 6, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 10, 9, 4, 18, 16, 10, is a river in North America.
My 11, 19, 19, 10, is a county in Ohio.
My 12, 9, 13, is a city in Siam.
My 13, 19, 4, 7, 9, 20, is a county in Mississippi.
My 14, 7, 9, 4, 17, 6, is a county in Virginia.
My 15, 19, 16, 10, is a mountain in North America.
My 16, 13, 2, 20, 9, is a river in Europe.
My 17, 10, 1, 6, is one of the United States.
My 18, 6, 7, 14, 11, is an island in Oceanica.
My 19, 11, 19, 10, 6, 19, is a mountain in Polynesia.
My 20, 9, 1, is a river in Virginia.
My whole is a name which ever should be revered by all the American people.
ERASTUS D. DAWSON.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The base of a certain right angled triangle is 12 feet; the perpendicular 9 feet. Within this triangle is a rectangle (as long as can be made to contain the required area) whose area is 24 feet. What is the length and breadth of the rectangle?
S. W.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an animal useful indeed,
As must soon be apparent to all,
Of my second 'twere well that you should take heed,
Lest you suddenly meet with a fall;
My whole is a flower that no one will say
Would e'er look amiss in a lady's bouquet.
L. L.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a man who receives a piece of bad news, like a fellow who slings a four quart bucket around his head? Ans.—Because he turns a little pale.

☞ What is that which has its head and mouth 3,000 miles apart? Ans.—The Mississippi river.

☞ When can a person then that cordage is alive? Ans.—When they have seen a rope-walk.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Clara Miller.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—Our Nathaniel Greene.

CHARADE.—Edgar Allen Poe.

PROBLEM.—Perpendicular line 44.93 + feet; Longer segment 80.136 feet; Shorter segment 30.978 feet.

The Young Man of the Age.—Not long since, we saw a tear gathering in the eye of an old man, as he spoke of the past and the present—of the time when he burned pine knots upon the rude home hearth for light to obtain a scanty education, and then compared the ten ten thousand privileges which are now scattered broadcast around every door. Oh, said he, in tremulous tones, the young men of this day, do not appreciate the light of the age they live in. The words of the old man made us sad, while at the same time, we felt mortified that so many of our young men fail to improve the advantages within their reach. They are even continually muttering about their lot, and pushing for positions where they can win the reward without the sweetening, purifying, ennobling sacrifice of toil. The mist-child enjoyments of a day, are eagerly sought after, to the exclusion or neglect of the more honorable, intellectual and useful. In truth, few of our young men know anything of the value of the privileges around them.—*Cayuga Chief.*

Agricultural.

SKINNING WOODLANDS.

BY PROFESSOR MAPES.

No practice is more repugnant to the farmer than skinning woodlands, and in some localities it should be so. But there are many farms, part of which is low, and only used as woodlands, where both the woods and the farm might be materially improved by skinning the woodlands. In many woods, the continuous growth of centuries has deposited a *quantity of leaves*, which has been protected from entire decomposition and consequent departure in the gaseous form, by shade and moisture. In such cases, the accumulation has been greater than the current growth of the woods could re-use as pabulum. Such woods may be skinned with profit, for they contain a quantity of *leaf-mould, worth more than an equal bulk of barn-yard manure*, and which is packed so tightly that the atmosphere is excluded from entering the soil. Around many an old chestnut stump, from which in turn a dozen or more trees have been cut, may sometimes be found a load of leaf-mould, which, often being loosened by the grubbing-hoe, is light and redundant with inorganic value; and many an acre of woodland will furnish one hundred cords of wood, earth, and leaves, and still retain more leaf-mould than the current requirements of the soil will need for future growth of woods. A few years since, we were employed to visit a farm and advise modes of culture, where the farmer insisted that he had no muck or any other substance, from which he could make compost with his stable manures. His cleared land he valued at $100 per acre. Standing on the high land of his farm, we observed that the land sloped from every direction toward twenty acres of woodland located at the lowest point, and in the very centre of his farm. We asked him the value of his woodland, beyond the wood it then contained, and he replied, as the land was wet and cold, he supposed $20 per acre was all it was worth; and wanting muck, he had looked at this twenty acres for twenty years, without ever supposing it was proper to *skin it* for composting; indeed, he at first objected, on the ground that it would injure the land; but when assured that it would give one hundred and fifty loads or more per acre of good material for making compost, and worth seven times the value of the land after removal to his manure shed, he ventured to take the matter into serious consideration. He has since taken off the surface of the woods, soil to the depth of a few inches, and in the deeper parts to the depth of a few feet, developing the fact that the fertile portions of the high lands had washed down and buried his trees beyond the proper depth. This removed mass of leaves, leaf-mould, and fertile soil has been composted and added to his fields, rendering them fertile; while the drier portions of his woodlands have received, after being skinned, a coating of lime, not one-tenth the cost of the value of the removed leaf-mould, and both the woods and the farm are increased in value.

We have tried this system most fairly on our own farm, and the skinned woodland is not inferior to the parts not so treated; but on the contrary, the wood on the skinned portions, by the help of the lime added, far surpasses that of the adjacent portions not so treated, and the current growth of wood is materially improved.

But suppose, for sake of argument, that the woodland was destroyed by such treatment, still we should be largely the gainer, for the leaf-mould has been worth much more to us than the value of the woodland.

The true value of woods-earth is much greater than is supposed. The roots of trees travel in the soil to great depths, and there receive, year after year, the soluble inorganic portions of the subsoil, bringing them to the surface and forcing them into organic shape, as leaves, twigs, &c. One ton of these leaves, when dry, contains more inorganic matter than is held by any short-rooted crop grown on a similar area of land. In the Fall, these leaves are deposited on the ground, accumulating until, after a series of years, the soil is deepened many inches, from constituents of the subsoil deposited as dry leaves on the surface soil. Nor is the deposit altogether of inorganic origin, for a lofty wood arrests gales, and the moist atmosphere, entering within its boundaries, is robbed by the leaves of growing trees in Summer, and by the carbonaceous surface of the soil in Winter, of its ammonia, carbonic acid, &c., and thus the organic as well as the inorganic accumulations are very great. Many woods are not browsed by cattle, and these accumulate leaf-mould rapidly, when situated in fertile districts, the atmosphere of which is at all times filled with the results of decayed vegetation; and even when an old woods is browsed by cattle, the accumulated surface-soil has the rare power of receiving and of retaining their excretia more pertinaciously than when voided in open pastures.

Who does not know that an old woods, before being skinned, is sometimes so surcharged with leaf-mould as to refuse clover and other grasses, even in the more open spots, and when skinned and limed, at once come naturally into such growths as are valuable pasturage for cattle? Be not afraid to skin a wood for leaf-mould, when it will yield one hundred loads per acre, and is not worth, beyond the value of the wood, more than $100.

To Thaw Out Frozen Pumps.—The best way that has ever yet been found to secure a log pump from freezing, is to have a steam box from the platform to the nose a foot square, and connected with the pump so that the pump shall make one side of the box, and an aperture through the platform to let the steam into it from the well.

This plan keeps the water cool through the Summer, and the steam from the water in the well rises into the box and prevents the pump from freezing in Winter, provided there is a tight platform and properly secured around it. Many pumps have a vent under the platform.—Some let off by raising the handle, which brings the upper box in contact with the lower valve, so as to open it. If a pump, through negligence, gets frozen, it is a very easy matter to throw it out, if one knows how. Some will heat iron bars and put in, some will put in salt, and either of these will do the work if one has patience. But the quickest and easiest way is to use a ½ or ¾-inch lead pipe and boiling hot water. A pump that is frozen 10 feet solid may be thawed out in 10 minutes, by having pipe to reach as low as it is frozen. Put one end of the pipe down the pump on the ice, swell the other to admit a funnel, pour in the hot water, and the way the pipe settles down is a caution to the one that holds it. There is a current of hot water acting on the ice, which does its work and rises outside. A barrel of hot water may be turned in without a pipe, and it will penetrate but a little depth before running off.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Littering Horses.—It is said that, in Sweden, horses are never littered. Plank floors are laid in their stables, perforated with holes, to enable the urine to flow off, so that no wet, and but little moisture, can remain on them; and those planks, kept clean, are the only covering supplied. This practice will appear strange to many, especially to ostlers in this country, but the Swedes attribute to it the soundness of their horses' feet. Their animals are rarely foundered or lame in their feet or legs, and no other precautions are taken to prevent the evil than that above-named.

A late tourist, in remarking on this subject, says: "The founder, I consider to be occasioned, in some degree, by the animals standing in soft straw, which is generally moist if not wet. The Swedish horse is never affected by it, as he stands on a dry, hard floor, without any bedding at all."—*Olive Branch.*

To Make Hens Lay.—The "South Carolinian" says a neighbor states that hog's lard is the best thing he can find to mix the dough he gives to his hens. He says that one cut of this fat, as large as a walnut, will set a hen to laying immediately after she has been broken up from sitting, and that, by feeding them with the fat occasionally, his hens continue laying through the whole Winter. If this be true, how is it that eggs are 37½ and 40 cents a dozen in Philadelphia?

The Olio.

The Amber Witch.—The pastor, Wilhelm Meinhold, the author of the "Amber Witch," died recently at Charlottenburg. He was one of the leaders of the old Lutheran party at Potsdam, but had for some years lived in retirement.

A good story is told of the origin and authorship of the Amber Witch. In Germany, the Strauss party had professed to be able to discern between the true and false in any composition submitted to them. On this assumption, they cast out as forgeries certain parts of the New Testament. Certain portions of the words of Jesus they condemned as spurious on internal evidence, while by the same light they admitted others to be genuine. Suddenly a book appeared, which the publisher stated had been discovered in manuscript in the garret of some old church building, and he put it forth with the desire that learned men should examine its claims to be what it professed to be, a record of remarkable events that had transpired some hundred years before. The Strauss party gave the book a thorough sifting, and pronounced it a genuine history, entitled to entire confidence. Their decision was reviewed by pastor Meinhold, who set forth the reasons for believing the book to be a mere *fiction*, not worthy of being ranked above the romances of the day. The other side responded, and when they were fully and irrevocably committed to the defence of the work as genuine truth, the pastor Meinhold came forward and stated that he wrote the story, a mere freak of fancy, and for the very purpose of setting a trap for the Strauss party. He caught them handsomely, and taught them a hard but useful lesson.—*New York Observer.*

A Common Instance of Infatuation.—I do not know anything more affecting and distressing than to behold men of the greatest capacity, of the greatest grasp of mind, as to worldly things and temporal projects, who are yet acting as if they had no souls, as if there were no God to whom they are accountable, no judgment day awaiting them, and as if there were no such places as heaven and hell, while yet these things are set before them in the Scriptures in the most awful terms. But "this their way is their folly, and their posterity approve their sayings;" they have the majority with them, no doubt; yet the error is fundamental, because it is in the heart; and, while it is in the heart, it is in every thing. They are dying creatures, and yet do not consider that they are building on the sand, that their houses will fall. That is a remarkable expression of our Lord's: "That which is highly esteemed among men is an abomination in the sight of God." So much for fashion, and general opinion, and popular applause; so much for the voice of the majority. Then "this their way is folly," how ever admired and applauded, since misery and destruction are the end thereof; for "broad is the road that leadeth to destruction," and the majority are walking in that way. Will you, then, prefer the fashion to your souls? Will you listen to the voice of a majority in error? Will you choose to live in darkness and the shadow of death, because the greater part of mankind are lying in this state? Instead of following in this error, may God enable you to take the "narrow path," and stand right for time and eternity!—*Cecil.*

Purity.—I would have you attend to the full significance and extent of the word holy. It is not abstinence from outward deeds of profligacy alone—it is not a mere recoil from impurity in action. It is a recoil from impurity in thought; it is that quick and sensitive delicacy to which even the very conception of evil is offensive; it is a virtue which has its residence within, which takes guardianship of the heart, as of a citadel, or inviolated sanctuary, in which no wrong or worthless imagination is permitted to dwell. It is not purity of action that is all we contend for, it is exalted purity of heart—the ethereal purity of the third heaven; and if it is at once settled in the heart, it brings the peace, and the triumph, and the untroubled serenity of heaven, along with it. In the maintenance of this, there is a constant elevation; there is the complacency, I had almost said the pride, of a great moral victory over the infirmities of an earthly and accursed nature; there is a health and a harmony in the soul, a beauty of holiness which, though it effloresces in the countenance, and the outward path, is itself so thoroughly internal, as to make purity of heart the most distinctive evidence of a work of grace in time—the most distinctive guidance of a character that is ripening and expanding for the glories of eternity.—*Thomas Chalmers, D. D.*

Theory of the Jew's Harp.—If you cause the tongue of this little instrument to vibrate, it will produce a very low sound; but if you place it before a cavity (as the mouth), containing a column of air, which vibrates much faster, but in the proportion of any simple multiple, it will then produce other higher sounds, dependent upon the reciprocation of that portion of the air. Now, the bulk of the air in the mouth can be altered in its form, size, and other circumstances, so as to produce, by reciprocation, many different sounds; and these are the sounds belonging to the Jew's Harp.

A proof of this fact has been given by Mr. Eulstein, who fitted into a long metallic tube a piston, which, being moved, could be made to lengthen or shorten the efficient column of air within at pleasure. A Jew's Harp was then so fixed that it could be made to vibrate before the mouth of the tube, and it was found that the column of air produced a series of sounds, according as it was lengthened or shortened; a sound being produced whenever the length of column was such that its vibrations were a multiple of those of the Jew's Harp.

Good Advice.—The following hint to young artists, by Sir Walter Scott, is invaluable; it is at once a guide, a warning and a stimulative: "I have rarely seen," he writes, "that a man who conscientiously devoted himself to the studies and duties of any profession, and did not omit to take fair and honorable opportunities of offering himself to notice when such presented themselves, has not at length got forward. The mischance of those who fall behind, though flung upon fortune, more frequently arises from want of skill and perseverance. Life, my young friends, is like a game of cards—our hands are alternately good or bad, and the whole seems at first glance to depend on mere chance. But it is not so; for, in the long run, the skill of the player predominates over the casualties of the game. Then do not be discouraged by the prospect before you, but ply your studies hard, and qualify yourself to receive fortune when she comes in your way."

How the Foxes Get Rid of Fleas.—A fox will relieve himself of fleas in the following sagacious manner:—He takes a feather in his mouth, and gradually, though slowly enough, backs into the water, first legs and tail, then body, shoulders and head to the nose, and thus compelling the fleas to escape from the drowning element, to pass over the nose to the bridge of a feather, which is then committed to the stream.

Origin of the Word Briton.—Our primitive ancestors distinguished themselves, in the pride of simplicity, as Brith and Brithon; Brith signifying stained, and Brithon a stained man. This predilection for coloring their bodies, induced the civilized Romans to designate the people who were driven to the Caledonian forest as Picts, or a painted people.—*English Writer.*

For Housekeepers.

Clear Blanc Mange.—Boil four calves' feet in three quarts of water until the water is reduced to one quart, then strain it through a flannel jelly bag, and stand it away to cool. When it is perfectly cold, scrape off all the fat, which will be congealed in a cake on the top; after you have scraped off all as clean as you can get it, take a piece of clean damp sponge, or soft cloth a little damp, and wipe the top of the jelly and the inner edge of the vessel which contains it, lest any of the grease should be combined with the jelly when it is melted, as it would destroy its transparency. Break the jelly in pieces, put it in a preserving pan, add to it one pound of pulverized white sugar, half an ounce of bitter almonds pounded in a mortar with a little rose-water; put the almonds in the mortar one at a time, so as to pound them very finely;—they should be like cream when done; strain them and add them to the jelly with a tablespoonful of rose-water. Place the preserving pan in a vessel of boiling water, let it stand till it gets *very hot*, but do not let it boil. Strain it through the jelly bag several times, and when perfectly clear pour it in moulds; wet them inside first, to prevent the jelly from adhering to them, and stand them in a cold place. When you strain the jelly do not squeeze the bag, as by that means you force the sediment through it; and by no means wash it, as it is impossible to wring it perfectly dry, and consequently the jelly will be thinned; scrape it on the inside as clean as you can each time.

Rice Milk.—Two quarts of milk, two gills of rice, sugar to the taste. Pick and wash the rice, put it in the milk, and set it over a slow fire to boil. When the rice is very soft, add sugar to the taste, pour it into a bowl, and stand it away to cool. Grate nutmeg on the top.—*National Cook Book.*